

THIS
ISSUE
WILL
MAKE
YOU

SICK

mac

40¢

SEPTEMBER
No. 86



BOOK OF ETIQUETTE
for SLOBS

HARD HAT NEWSPAPER
for SOFT HEADS

MOVIE SPOOF: LOVE STORY



PEACE!



SICK

September

No. 86

Number 6

Volume 11

"We're still Number Two...so why try harder?"

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ABOUT THE COVER

This is the first SICK Cover painted by the brilliant Chilean artist LU, GOZE. As you can see, the subject is mental deterioration. Not the painting—the artist!

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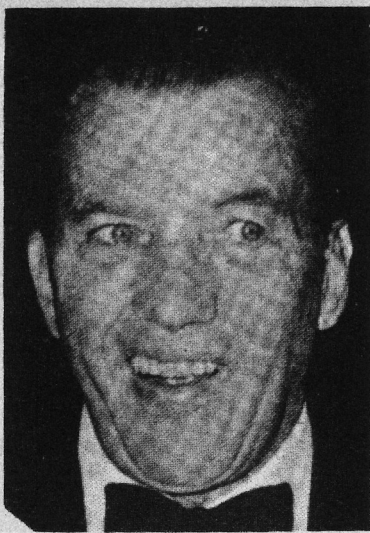
And verily I say
unto you...how come
you're reading Sick when
you should be reading
the Good Book?

QUOTE OF THE MONTH:

"Who the heck
do they think I am...
the Answer Man?"
...GOD

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ATTENTION LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: The stuff's at Grandma's house...



**FOR A
REAL-LY BIG SHOW
TURN TO PAGE 26**

I just finished reading the March issue of SICK. I think you have a fantastic magazine. It was hard for me to put it down once I started reading it ...

L/Cpl P.A. Duckett
Vietnam

Oh yes... that's the issue we printed on fly paper!

I think your nude centerfolds are better than the ones in Playboy. I love Sick!...

Brian Danielski
Detroit, Mich.

Man, you are sick!

I think SICK has a lot of first grade material...

Sid Haftner
Bronx, N.Y.

True, but most readers have gone beyond the first grade!

Enjoyed your feature on How Different States Got Their Names. Tell me, how do you guys come up with that stuff all the time?

Vernon Beasley
Ithaca, N.Y.

Not how! Why?

Your article "Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sick — But Were Ashamed To Ask" was really great. I have only one ques-

That Sick Monologue you did "My Motor The Car" was fabulous. Real outasite. I'm a comedian and I'm using it in my act on club dates...

Billy Gray
Shreveport, La.

That's wonderful. Soon you will get another little monologue.. It's called "My Attorney, The Lawsuit!"

I read your article poking fun at a typical newspaper office. I work for a newspaper office myself and I must say you guys really hit the nail on the head...

C. Tomlinson
Oshkosh, Wisc.

Yes, but we were aiming at the gut!

FIGHT AIR POLLUTION!

...I will buy 10 copies of SICK if you print my name...

Rocky Kanipe
Houston, Texas

Buy 20—we stuck in your address too!

Your Mafia Newspaper was terrific. Funniest thing I ever read. I could kiss you for that!

V. Farangelo
Hoboken, N.J.

O.K., but not on the cheek!

tion: Where do you get your ideas?

P.J. Dunhill
Montreal, Canada

You should be ashamed to ask!

Thought you'd like to know that I took those song parodies you did, "Songs of Urban Decay" and I had some city kids that I've been teaching memorize them. We're taking our stand on urban pollution...

C.A. Snediker
New York City

For or against?

I took your Future College Entrance Exam and came thru with flying colors. What does this mean?

Jim Anderson
Spokane, Wash.

Somebody threw a paint set at you?

Tell the truth, are those real people who send in letters to your mag?

Marnie Jay
Tampa, Fla.

We don't know—tell us about yourself!

How come you've been doing so many jokes on Nixon and Agnew lately? I don't think there's anything to laugh about with them anymore!

Mary St. Angelo
Wilmington, Del.

We found that out the hard way
—after doing our jokes on them!

• • •



I think your magazine is real groovy. It must be hard each month coming out with a brilliant issue...

Audrey Piscoli
Roanoke, Va.

It is... that's why we don't do it!

• • •

That Super Junk Box Cutout was real super. But when I tried to paste it on the Junke Box in our town diner like you said, I was thrown out. What do you say to that?

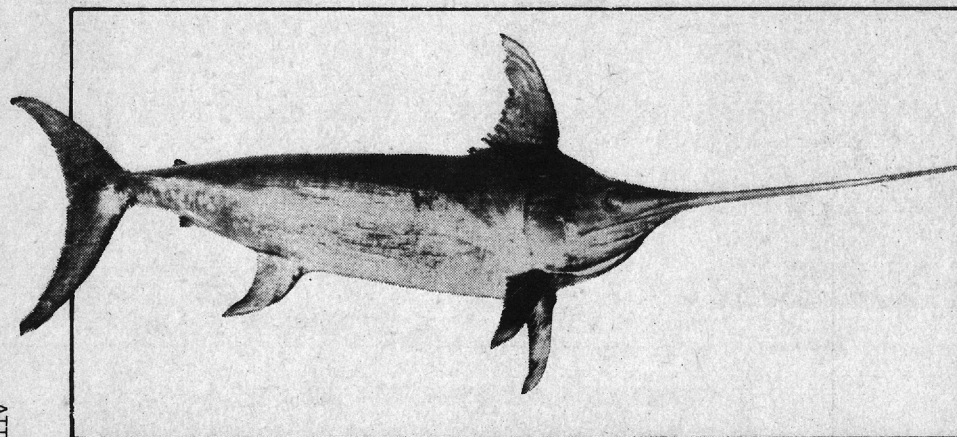
Don Elliot
Paducah, Ky.

Lucky they didn't make you wash dishes too!

• • •

I'm a dog owner so I especially enjoyed reading your article on "How To Give Your Dog Love And Affection Without Becoming Emotion-

SICK RECOMMENDS: FOOD OF THE MONTH*



*so get the lead out and order yours today!

I hung up your sampler "Keep The School Fires Burning" where I live and was busted by the pigs!...

Carl Heidegger
Massapequa, N.Y.

Sounds like you live in a pig sty!

• • •

I especially enjoyed "Shakespeare For Today's Mass Movie Audiences" in your August issue. As a teacher of English, I am constantly seeking ways of popularizing Shakespeare for my students. Thank you for giving me this material...

A.L. Huntley
Cambridge, Mass.

What do you mean giving you—a bill will arrive shortly!

• • •

ally Involved." I made several copies and I'm giving them out to all my friends...

Bruce Gillitson
Macon, Ga.

We're soon coming out with an article "How To Give Your Friends Love And Affection Etc." which you can make copies of and give to their dogs!

• • •

That Draft Dodgers' Manual in the last issue was fabulous. I never knew there were so many ways to beat the draft. I laughed till I was blue in the face!

Virgil Thomas
Enid, Oklahoma

Groovy! That's another way to beat the draft!

• • •

"I got my job through the Classified Want Ads"



READ YOUR
LOCAL NEWSPAPER

Personalities



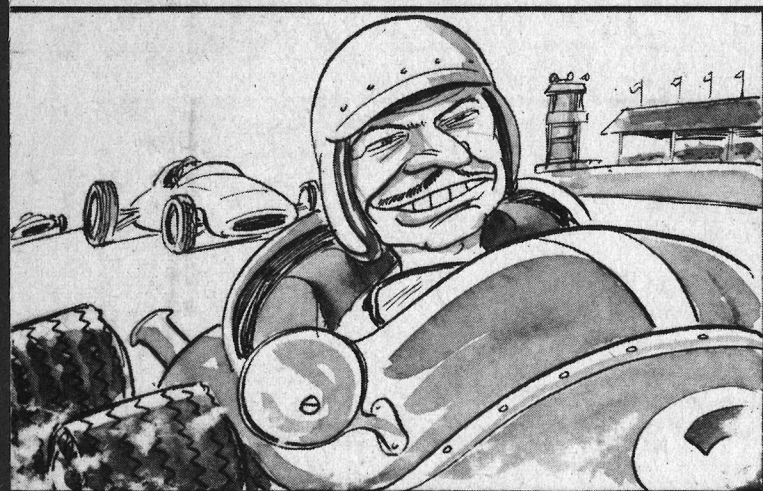
DR. PHILO Q. GURNSEY, Chicago, Ill.—Dr. Gurnsey is the surgeon who this month performed the world's first lung transplant. Unfortunately he transplanted it to the patient's stomach by mistake. Now the poor fellow has to breathe through his belly button. Recently, Dr. Gurnsey performed another unique operation, a heart transplant from a Ku-Klux-Klanner to a Puerto Rican black man. It was the first time a heart ever rejected a body. At present, Dr. Gurnsey is working on a cure for which there is no known disease.

ATTENTION Paul Revere: you're a tink!

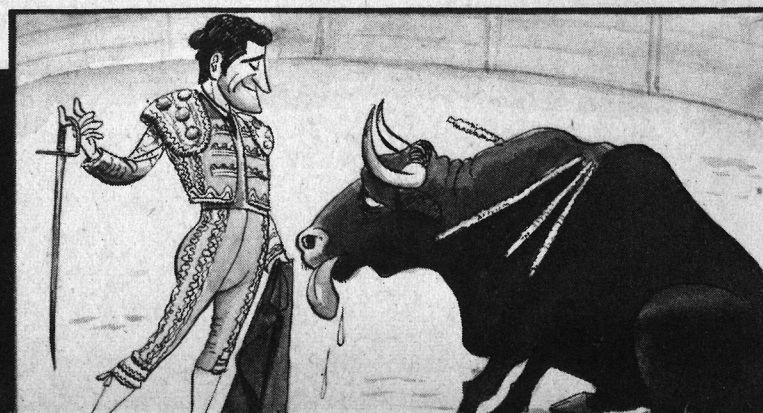
J.B. SMEDLEY, Detroit, Mich.—One of the fastest-rising Personnel Directors in the history of big business, Mr. Smedley just set a new world's record by firing 8,926 people in one day. This is remarkable considering that half of them didn't even work for his Company. Because of this, Mr. Smedley has now been promoted to a top-echelon executive position with the Company. What he does now is come in at 9 A.M. to find a mole-hill on his desk. His job is to make a mountain out of it by 5 P.M.



MARIO SCALLOPINI, Milan, Italy—Europe's popular sports car racer, Mr. Scallopini was in 39 auto crashes this year. And these were just driving to the arena. A daredevil speedster, he was recently disqualified when it was learned he was spreading greasy pizza behind him on the track to make the other cars skid. Mr. Scallopini drives a racer called the Fiasco. It's so small he has to spread olive oil on himself to squeeze inside it. With it he drove on an open road 198 miles per hour. Unfortunately the road was only 197 miles long.

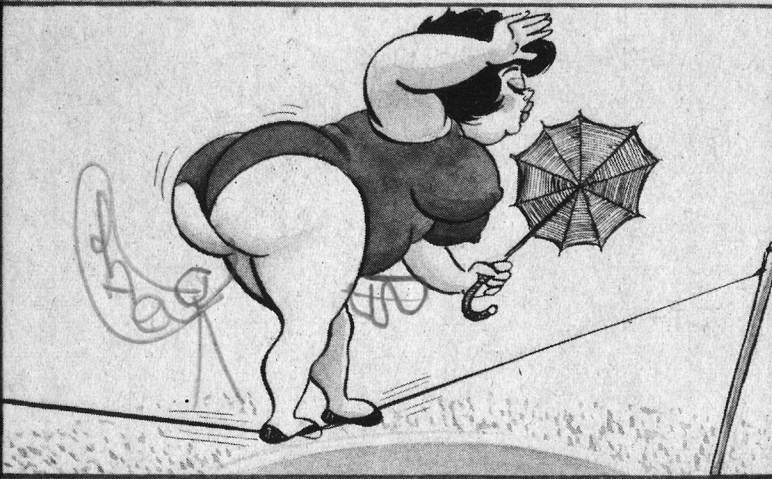


PEDRO COCKAMAIMO, Mexico City—A leading bull-fighter, Senor Cockamaimo fought a total of 923 bulls this year—and this wasn't even in the arena. It was on his farm, where he retired after his last official bullfight. This was when he fought El Goro, Mexico's toughest bull. He lost the fight but he wasn't gored. He was **trampled**—when the bull jumped up and down on him for half an hour. He blames this on his unusual method of bullfighting. Namely, he gives the cape to the bull and lunges at it!



in the News

as reported by HOWARD TAYLOR
and illustrated by LUGOZE



SADIE KLOBHOLZ, Miami Beach, Fla.—A circus tight-rope walker, Miss Klobholz recently fell off a 100-foot trapeze without a single injury. This was because she fell on top of an elephant. The elephant however, was killed instantly as Miss Klobholz weighs 800 pounds. When asked how such a fat lady ever became a trapeze artist, she replied: "I lied about my weight!" Nevertheless, Miss Klobholz doubles as the circus' bearded lady. She plans to leave soon, marry Jojo, the rubber man, settle down and raise typewriter erasers.

VIRGIL BLONDE, New York City—Mr. Blonde is the noted New York fashion designer who just designed a dress made out of newspaper. At night you throw it out with the garbage, and the next morning you buy a new one. Another of his popular creations is the checkerboard suit. The only flaw here is that when you wear it somebody always jumps you. Mr. Blonde is best remembered however, for his 9-button Strait-Jacket Ensemble. This is the outfit he wore recently when they came and took him away.



CASPAR FERDLIP, Racine, Wisc.—One of the Midwest's leading architects, Mr. Ferdlip astounded people recently by designing an office building 974 stories high. Through an error on the blueprint however, the place has no bathrooms. When somebody has to go, they must go to the next building. Which works out all right, since Mr. Ferdlip designed that one too—an enormous structure 129 stories high, with nothing but bathrooms. At present he is working on another project, an underground skyscraper.

ATTENTION Atlas: your truss is ready!



VLADIMIR HOTCHKISS, Tacoma, Wash.—Made news this month by being the first man ever to climb Alaska's Mount Pinnacle, which is 37 feet high. Before this, only children ever climbed it. Nevertheless, it took Mr. Hotchkiss nine hours to scale this mountain. He would have made it faster but he went up on his wheelchair. Next year he plans to lead an expedition up Mount Everest. He plans to lead them up twenty feet, then turn back. As he keeps telling newsmen: "The first few steps are the hardest!"

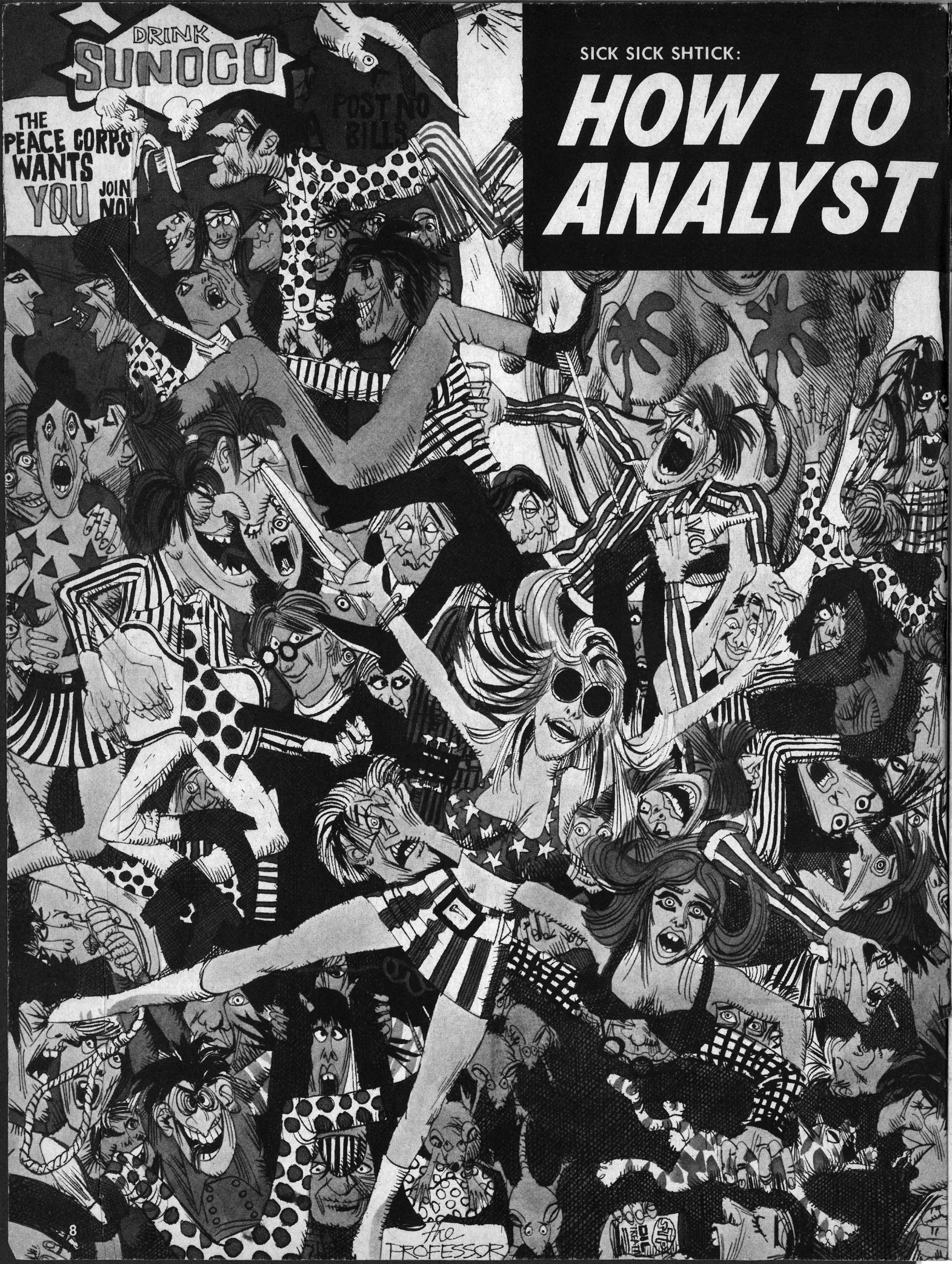


DRINK
SUNOCO

THE PEACE CORPS
WANTS
YOU JOIN NOW

SICK SICK SHTICK:

HOW TO ANALYST



The
PROFESSOR

DRIVE YOUR CRAZY...



Sure-fire way to drive your psychiatrist crazy is to turn your group-therapy session into a free-for-all. For proof of this, the people pictured here are not the group-therapy patients. They're the psychiatrists!

by ARON MAYER
(America's Most Beloved Psychotic)

- Tell him that your problem is you have a very bad memory and you can't remember from one minute to the next. When he says he will cure you of your problem, you say: "Problem? What problem?"

- Tell him that your trouble is you can't help eating grapes. You eat grapes a whole day long. When he tells you that it isn't so terrible eating grapes, you say: "Off the wallpaper?"

- Tell him that your sickness is that you think you're a dog. When he asks you how long it's been that you've thought you were a dog, you reply: "Ever since I was a little puppy!"

- If the dog bit doesn't work, tell him that you think you're a horse. Now, when he asks you how many years it's been that you've thought you were a horse, you stand there for a minute, then bang your left foot on the floor three times!

- If you want to bring another person into it, tell your analyst that it's your wife who's really sick. She thinks she's a cow. When he asks you why you don't bring

her in to be cured, you say: "Can't, we need the milk!"

- One great way to rattle a headshrinker is to walk in with a live chicken on your head, toothpaste coming out of your ears and a garter snake wrapped around your shoulders. When he says you're a perfect candidate for therapy, you reply: "Whattaya mean **me**? I came to see you about my brother!"

- Should an analyst tell you that you're schizophrenic and really two separate people, you tell him you're not going to pay him. When he asks why not, you reply: "Let the other guy pay!"

- Should an analyst happen to wear a hearing aid, start talking about your sex problem in all its lurid detail. Then, just when you get to the juicy part, stop talking and just move your lips as if you're really continuing. This guy will go crazy trying to adjust his hearing aid!

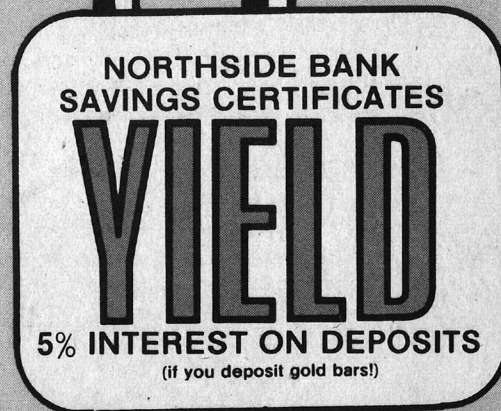
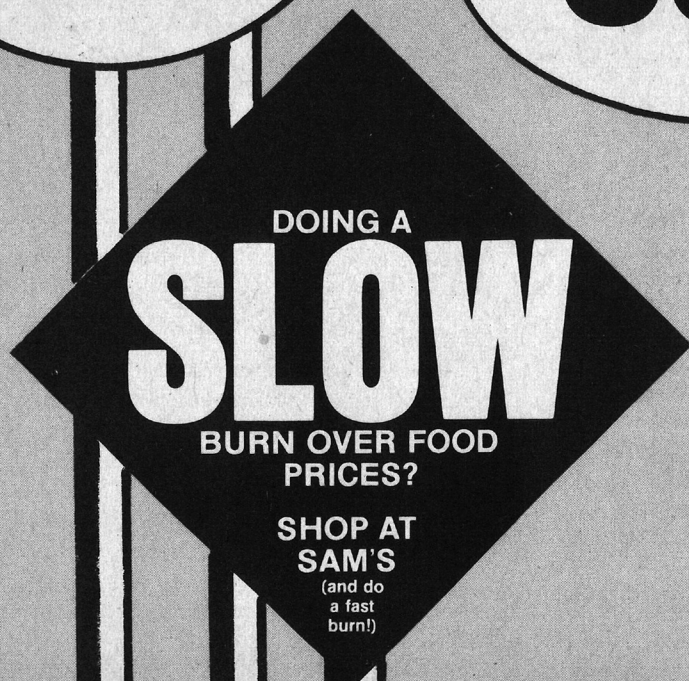
- If nothing else works, simply give him a copy of SICK Magazine. This will do it every time!

SPECIAL BONUS CUTOUT:

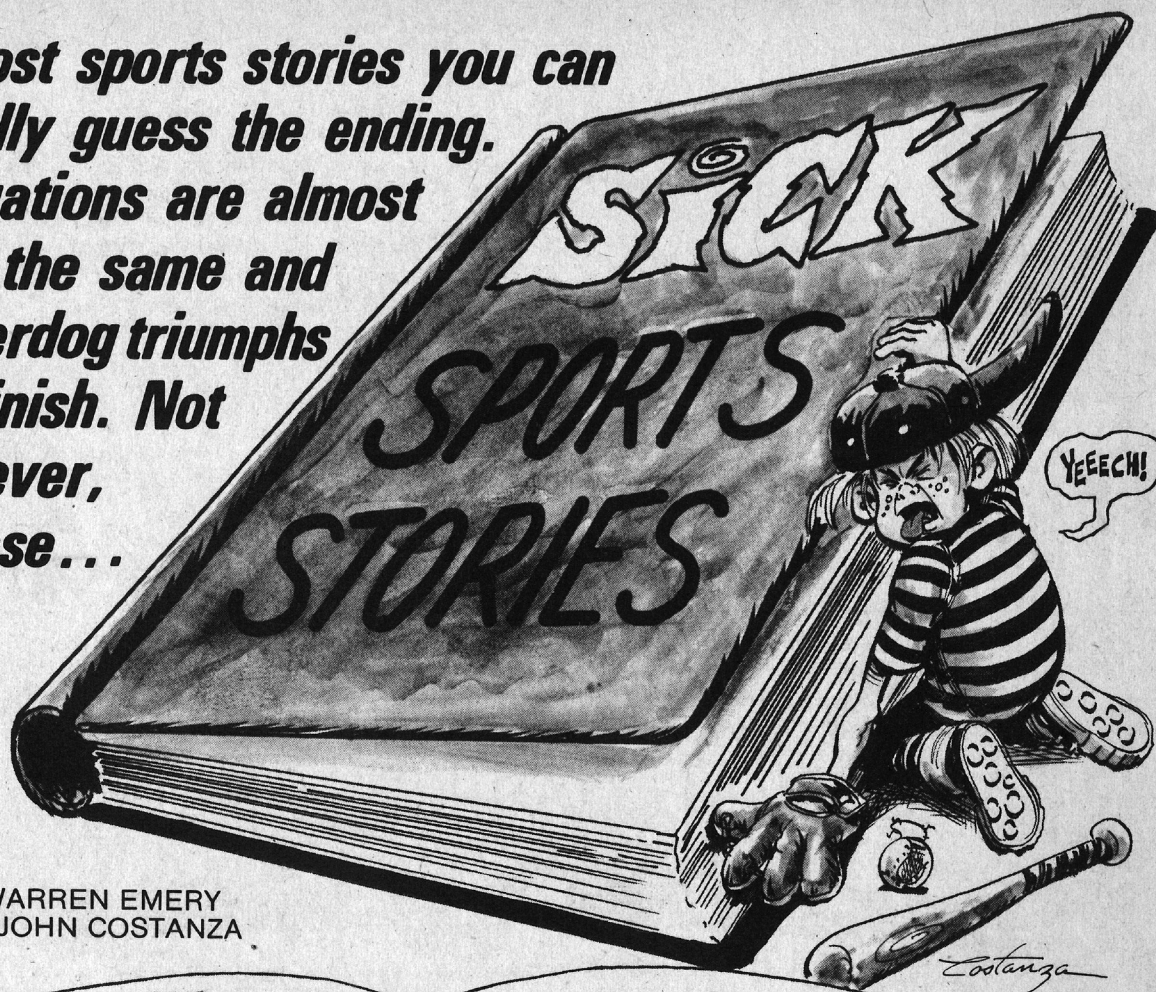
Continuing in our campaign to find new and offbeat places for Madison Avenue to plug their products, we now come up with another brilliant concept. Mainly...

USING ROAD SIGNS FOR ADVERTISING

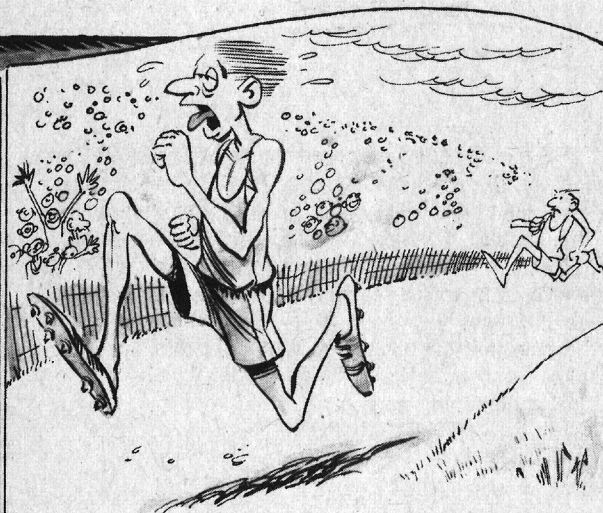
as conceived by ERNEST WERNER



With most sports stories you can practically guess the ending. The situations are almost always the same and the underdog triumphs at the finish. Not so however, with these...



Written by WARREN EMERY
Illustrated by JOHN COSTANZA



His classmates laughed when little Albert Skinley tried out for the school track team. Despite their jeers, Albert was determined to be a miler and he trained hard for many weeks. Finally the day of the Big Meet arrived. Everyone snickered when he took his place at the starting line. "You'll finish last, Albert!" they yelled derisively. But they were wrong. Albert did not finish last at all. His grit, determination and faith in himself had paid off. Albert finished next to last.

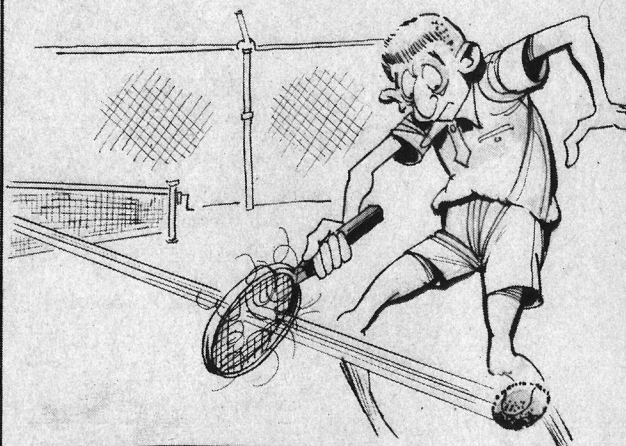
The score was tied, there were only a few seconds left in the game, and the ball was in mid-field. Star linebacker Bob Strong heart faced a difficult decision. He was afraid his ankle had been broken on the last play. Should he try one last desperate gamble—a running play around left end—and hope that his ankle would hold out? Swiftly he made up his mind. Limping over to the players' bench, he yelled to the Coach: "You gotta take me out, my ankle's killing me!"





Golf fans all over the world smiled knowingly when Smashin' Sammy Snood, one of the nation's leading pros, inherited over three million dollars from a distant relative who died. "Now that Sammy has all that money," they said, "he'll quit and never play again." Well, those wiseacres were in for a big surprise. Smashin' Sammy *did* play golf again. As a matter of fact, that very same day he was out on the golf course swinging his clubs. It was the next day that he quit.

Nobody gave Tillsworth Vanes, the young tennis star of California, much of a chance to beat the great Ron Fudge. Vanes was too youthful and inexperienced, the experts claimed; Ron Fudge would trounce him in three straight sets. But Tillsworth Vanes didn't listen to their glib predictions. He marched out to that center court at Wimbledon with a dogged, indomitable spirit in his heart and, playing the best game of his life, was trounced in three straight sets.

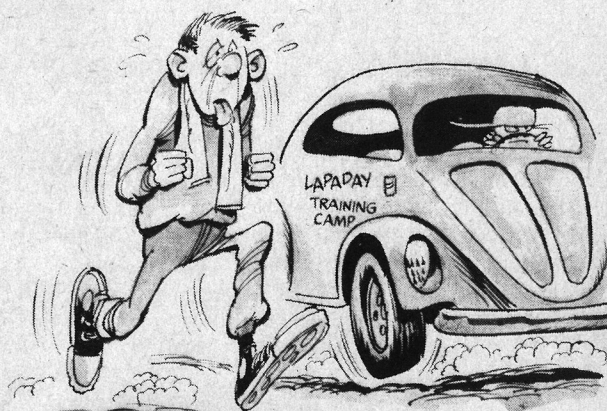


ATTENTION Raquel Welch: where are those two guys you keep pointing at?



Only one more basket was needed and Stretch Gurney's team would win the All-Division College Championship. There were only seconds to go as Stretch called for the ball and began dribbling it down the court in a wild determined fury to sink that shot. Racing across the entire court he zig-zagged superhumanly through opposing players, took hold of the ball and, twisting high and hard, threw it at the basket as the crowd jumped to its feet and roared. They roared at Stretch. He had sunk it in the opposing team's basket.

His family and friends were horrified when Mickey Finster, the ex-champ, decided to make a comeback. They pointed out he was old, out of condition and had stomach trouble. "Maybe all of you are right," Mickey admitted, "but I'm hitting the comeback trail anyway. I intend to regain the title!" And that is exactly what happened. Today, Mickey Finster has become the only man ever to regain the Ping Pong Championship of the Suburban Country Club in Egg Junction, Iowa.



You Can Tell She's Women's Lib If...

written by FRED WOLFE

(from an idea by
his wife Evelyn)

she makes you take The Pill.

she joins the "Starve A Rat Today"
campaign by not cooking her husband
dinner.

she tells an Indian she's a second-
class citizen.

she wants her husband to help carry
the baby in the last six months.

she burns her bra with the flame from
her cigar.

she wants to share everything, in-
cluding your locker at the Y.

she's firmly against marriage and so
are her six kids.

she refuses to wash her hair or take a
bath—but is against pollution.

she joins the "Starve A Rat Today"
campaign by not cooking her hus-
band dinner.

she trades in her girdle for a Black
Belt.

she demands a free day-care center
for her husband.

she pins up Hugh Hefner's picture—
on her dart-board.

she lets you hold her coat while she
belts a truck-driver.

she doesn't come right out and call
you a male chauvinist pig, but keeps
sticking an apple in your mouth.

she chases her boss around the desk.

you show her your etchings, and she
shows you her tatoo.

you fail your Army physical, and she
passes.

you ask to take hold of her hand, and
she throws you two falls out of three.

she slugs the salesman who asks her
if she has "hot pants."

she wants to go to the executive level
—including the washroom.

she buys a pair of His & Hers jockey
shorts.

Since we've already given you a hippie newspaper, we now grant equal time to...

WEATHER:
Clear as Beer
TOMORROW:
A Lot of Hot Air

HARD HAT HERALD

Dedicated to Us
Who Disagree with
Commie-Lovers

Written by Warren Emery

The Fourth of July, 1971

Illustrated by Arnoldo Franchioni

Exclusive! HARDHAT SEES HIPPIE PROTEST MARCH AND RUNS AWAY!



ATTENTION Anna May Wong: my laundry is ready...

For the first time in the history of hard hats, Biff Klutz, a local construction worker, actually ran away from a protest demonstration in front of City Hall yesterday, instead of fighting the protesters.

When asked why he ran, Klutz replied: "I hadda go to the bathroom!" He then quickly added: "Otherwise I woulda clobbered all them sissies, pinkos and crummy weirdos who don't look right, don't smell right, don't think right and don't even know how to talk right!"

Professor Harley Q. Spence-Travers III, Ph.D., head of the English Department at Egghead University, and one of the protesters at the demonstration, declined to comment on Mr. Klutz's accusation.

A snarling band of construction workers staged a protest march outside Luigi's Barber Shop on Main Street early this morning. The group attempted to prevent customers from entering the shop and, in most cases, succeeded. Patrons who were successful in getting in were later beaten by the hardhat pickets after they had their haircuts.

Asked to explain the reason for their picketing, Herb Sturdley, leader of the group, stated: "This here Luigi guy, the barber, has been seen trimmin' the hair of hippies and all kinds of bearded weirdos. In other words, he gives haircuts to anybody what walks in. Now, I believe in American principles and all that there, and anybody should be allowed to come into any barber shop he wants but there's limits, ain't there? I mean, if a hippie wears weird clothes or has a beard, it's a sure

thing he's un-American and a pervert, now ain't that right? So Luigi shouldn't serve people like that, that's all what we say!"

Luigi Parmigiani, owner of the shop, had this to say: "I don't wanna no trouble from nobody. I'm tryin' to do my job best I can. I cut the hair from anybody what comes in, so what's wrong with that? I don't ask no politics. I can't tell from lookin' at a guy whether he's a pervert. What can I tell you, with this long-hair today, I'm glad to get ANY customers!"

When asked about the barber-shop patrons his hardhats had beaten up, Mr. Klutz remarked: "They never shoulda gone into the place when they saw we was picketing. Any way, they weren't hurt too bad. They'll all be outa the hospital in three, maybe four weeks!"

HARDHATS PICKET BARBER SHOP Object To The Customers



HARDHAT SETS WORLD RECORD

*Throws Hippy 187 Ft
From A Standing Start*



In a thrilling display of athletic prowess and hippie-bating ability, Milo Muscles, local hardhat, set a new world mark in protester-throwing yesterday at City Hall before 27,000 cheering spectators. He hurled a bearded hippie 187 feet, 4 inches.

"I love the sportsmanship of it," said the new champion, who is 6'7" and weighs 296 lbs. "Hippie-throwing brings out all your fair-play instincts."

The hurled hippie, who weighs 126 lbs., was reported in fair condition at City Hospital. She is still under observation.

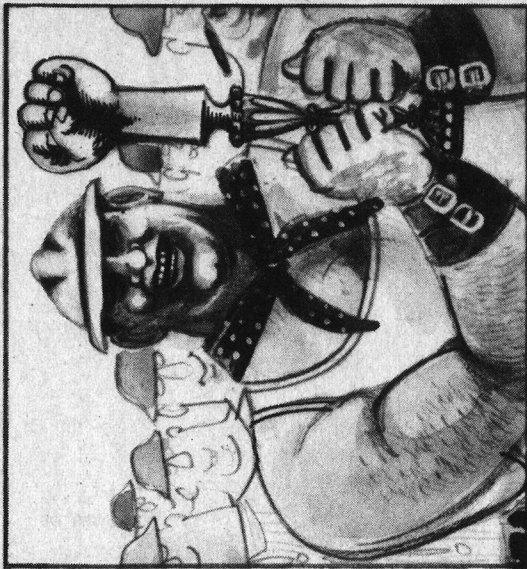
EDITORIAL

We, the editors of the HARDHAT HERALD, have taken some soul-searching looks at the protest situation in our city and have come to a few sensible conclusions we would like to share with you, our faithful readers; and also with you HARDHAT HERALD fans who don't know *how* to read, but have the paper read to you by friends and neighbors (and sometimes by those ignorant hippie sons and daughters of yours who go to college.)

The City Hall area was the scene yesterday of a disgusting display of protesting hippies and commie-lovers who were demonstrating about something or other. This spectacle was enough to infuriate any red-blooded American who saw it. It seems to us that protesting should be **OUTLAWED!**

Now, this morning another protest demonstration took place when a group of clear-thinking, 100% loyal Americans picketed a barber who, in his vicious, perverted lust for money, actually allows **ANYONE** to enter his shop, regardless of their appearance! We, the editors of the HARDHAT HERALD salute these brave American men who had the courage and the decency to picket the shop. It always gives us a warm secure feeling to know that some Americans still have the guts to *protest* when they come across an outrageous situation!

JOHN WAYNE WINS COVETED "FIST" AWARD



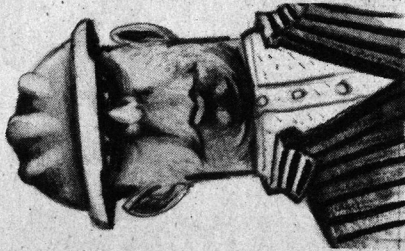
In a colorful presentation last night in Hollywood, veteran actor John "Duke" Wayne won the 1971 "Fist" Award for the Best Performance by an Actor *off* screen.

The award, which is symbolized by a gold-plated, life-size replica of a man's fist, was given to Wayne at the climax of a secret vote taken by members of the American Legion's Favorite Acting Committee and the Thespian-Judging Section of the John Birch Society.

"This award will be an inspiration to me," said Wayne in his acceptance speech. "I want to thank George Raft and Sonny Tufts for the fine examples of acting they set for me in their own careers. And I also want to thank the producers, directors and script writers for providing me with the same kind of material to work with, year in and year out, in every picture I've ever made, so that I got it down pat. Mainly I want to thank the Vietnam War — without which I never woulda become the biggest man in Hollywood today!"

The Inquiring Reporter

by HARD-HEADED HARRY



QUESTION: What is our biggest problem today? (asked of various hardhats passing by)

John Hockheimer, turret-lathe operator: "Our biggest problem is inflation. This is caused by greedy, money-grabbin' commie manufacturers who keep raising their prices. Now you'll have to excuse me. I gotta go join our picket line. We're striking for our third salary increase this year!"

Ralph Hamhand, riveter-machinist: "Our biggest problem is the lack of education. If everybody had more learnin' we wouldn't have so much trouble. I'm sick of all this trouble. Know who's responsible? All those lousy college kids. I say we gotta keep 'em out of college. All of 'em!"



Steve Brawnski, itinerant ditchdigger: "Our biggest problem today is lack of respect. People got no respect for each other. That's bad. It's the fault of those dirty, crummy, rotten city officials, union bigshots and minority groups. We should shoot 'em down like dogs!"

(all names have been changed to protect the innocent)

HARDHAT OLYMPIC GAMES TO ADD NEW EVENT: RAISING THE DUMBBELL

Next year's Hardhat Olympic Games, scheduled to be held in Detroit, will feature a new event: dumbbell-raising. "We're adding this event," said Kazimir Beefy, President of the Olympic Federation of Hardhats, "because we feel that anything having to do with dumbbells would be particularly appropriate to hardhats."

NEWS FLASH FROM TIN PAN ALLEY: Patriotic Records, Inc. is releasing a new LP entitled "The Wit of Richard M. Nixon." Company officials say the record will consist of 40 minutes of absolute silence.

This Month's AWARD-WINNING SONG

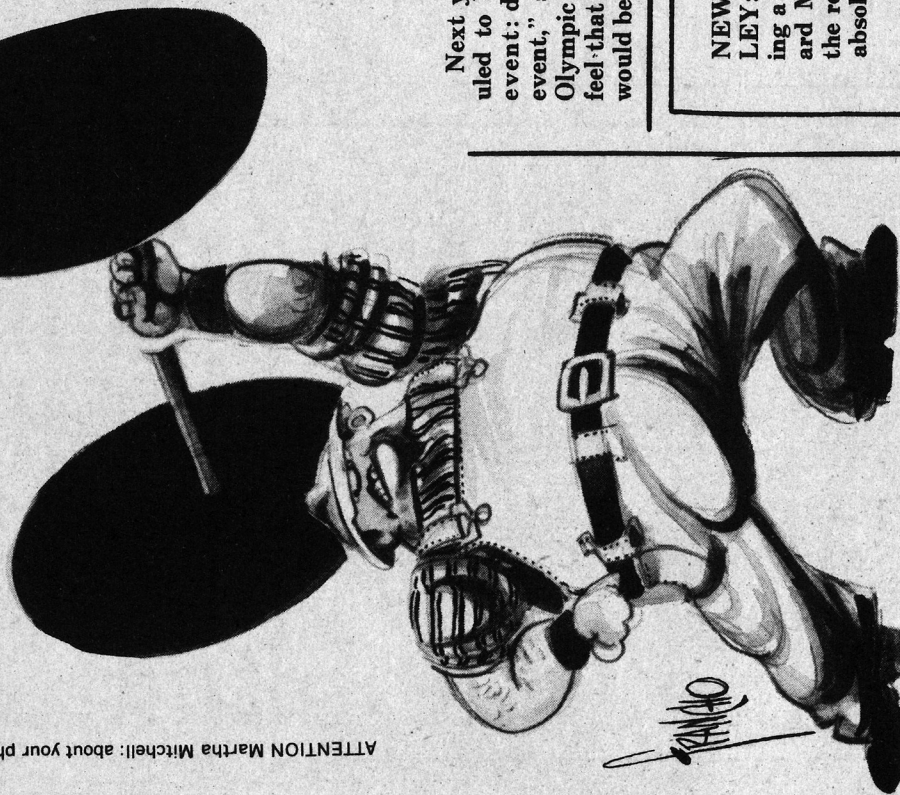
(based on selections from jukeboxes in diners, luncheonettes, saloons and wherever hardhats gather)

MY HEART SAID 'KILL!'

(tune of "My Heart Stood Still")
I took one look at you;
That's all I meant to do,
And then my heart said "Kill!"
That beard, that protest sign,
Your anti-Agnew line,
They made my heart say "Kill!"

Though not a Commie-word was spoken
Man, I still saw red,
I wished I'd clubbed your head
So you'd be sick in bed!
I never lived at all
Until the thrill of that moment when
My heart said "Kill!"

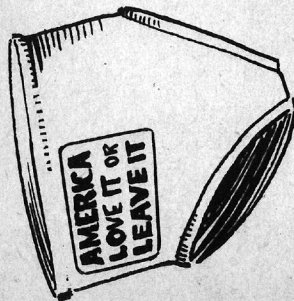
ATTENTION Martha Mitchell: about your phone bill...



FOR THE HARDHAT WHO HAS EVERYTHING....

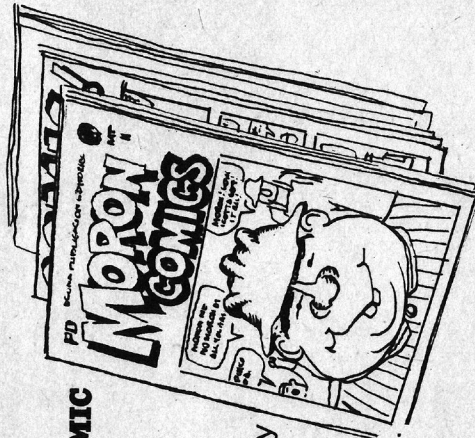
"America—Love it or Leave It"

Stickers...
to wear on your jockey
shorts or pajamas at
night. Just the thing
to show your patriotism
while you sleep!
Box 1776, Philadelphia.



SALE:
USED COMIC
BOOKS—
Ideal for
Hardhats

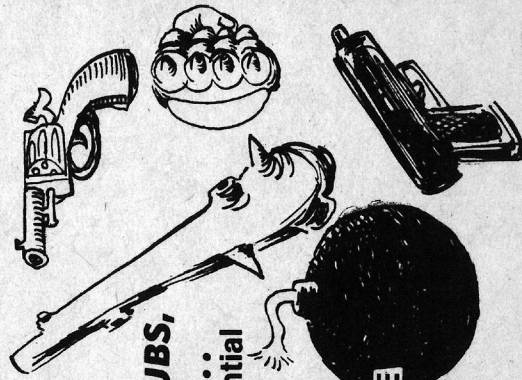
5¢ each
While They
Last.
Morrison's
Hardhat
Bookshop.



BRASS
KNUCKLES,
PISTOLS, CLUBS,
SHOTGUNS...

and other essential
items for
peace-loving
patriots.

Write: **CRUSH**
ALL VIOLENCE
COMMITTEE,
New York City.

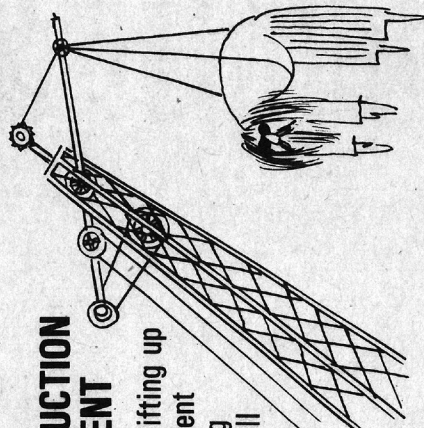


DRINK
SLOBBER
BEER

in the handy bottle
you can use to break
up riots
(and a few heads!)

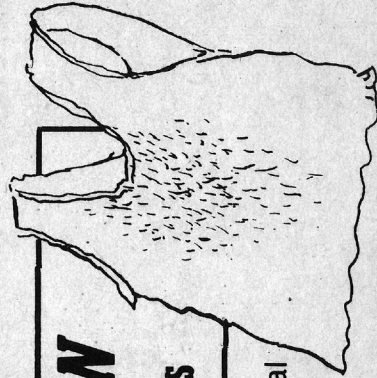
USED
CONSTRUCTION
EQUIPMENT

Useful for lifting up
entire student
body during
protest. Call
122-4511
and ask
for Bruce.



HE-MAN
COTTON
UNDERSHIRTS

"Ideal for formal
wear at the
Dinner Table
for Dining"



—on sale at Army-Navy Stores everywhere—

Back Page
Mini-Editorial



It has come to the attention of the HARDHAT HERALD that a lot of American Indians, instead of being grateful for everything we real Americans have done for them, are still squawking and complaining and raising all kinds of commotion. They've been making unreasonable demands, like asking for better housing, improved education and more opportunities for economic advancement. Some of these troublemakers even took over Alcatraz Island to dramatize their protests, instead of staying on the reservations where they belong!

Now, we're not against minority groups or any kind of inferior people. But we just want to say one thing to those bellyaching, ungrateful, prevered American Indians:

"If you people don't like this country, why don't you go back where you came from?"

ATTENTION Liberate: have we got a girl for you!

Madison Avenue has always used celebrities to help sell their products. But they've never used these celebrities themselves as the products. To show you what we mean, here's a great new money-making idea we've come up with—an idea we call . . .

CELEBRITY MERCHANDISING GIMMICKS

created by JACK SPARLING

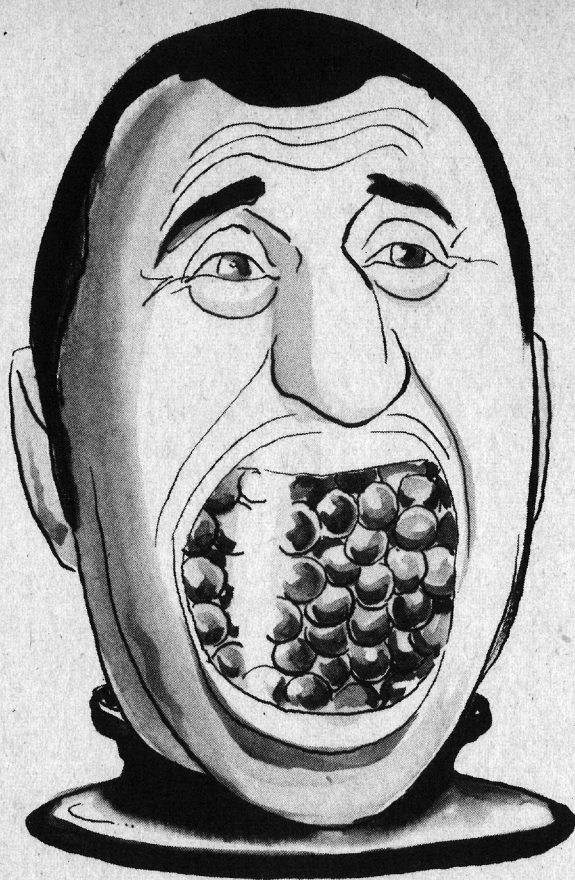
ATTENTION Bojangles: Stop that dancing up there!



KIRK DOUGLAS
Cleft-Chin Bank



BARBRA STREISAND
Nose Earrings-Tree



SOUPY SALES
Mouth Cookie-Jar



LEONARD NIMOY
Ears Cup-Holder



SOPHIA LOREN
Chest Salt-&-Pepper-Shakers



ABBIE HOFFMAN
Hair Pin-Cushion

There have been many books written on the subject of etiquette. All of them however, are designed for people with good manners...proper ladies and gentlemen...the upper crust of our society. But how about all us slob? Why not a guide written especially for them? Why not a manual geared for their behavior? Mainly, why not a...

SICK BOOK

AT THE DINING TABLE

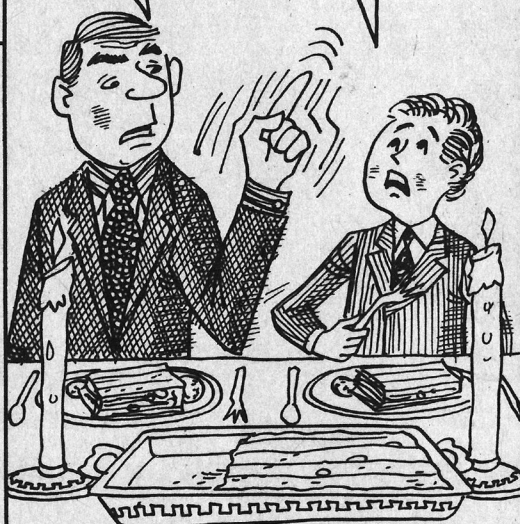
SLOPS ON



It is proper for the hostess to announce the dinner meal

Johnny, don't touch that steak till your brother Tom gets to the table!

But, Dad... Tom won't be back from Ohio till Thursday!



No one should begin eating until the whole family is seated

Edith, this meat looks like something the cat dragged in!



Something suitable should be said before beginning a meal

PROPER GLASSWARE FOR FORMAL AND INFORMAL DINNERS...

BEER GLASS

FORMAL

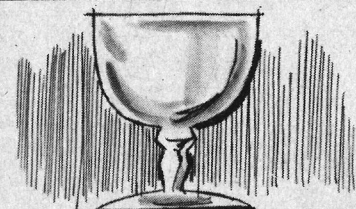


INFORMAL

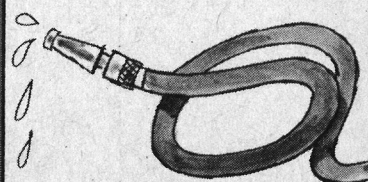


WATER GLASS

FORMAL



INFORMAL

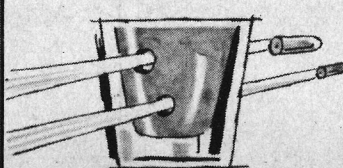


SHOT GLASS

FORMAL



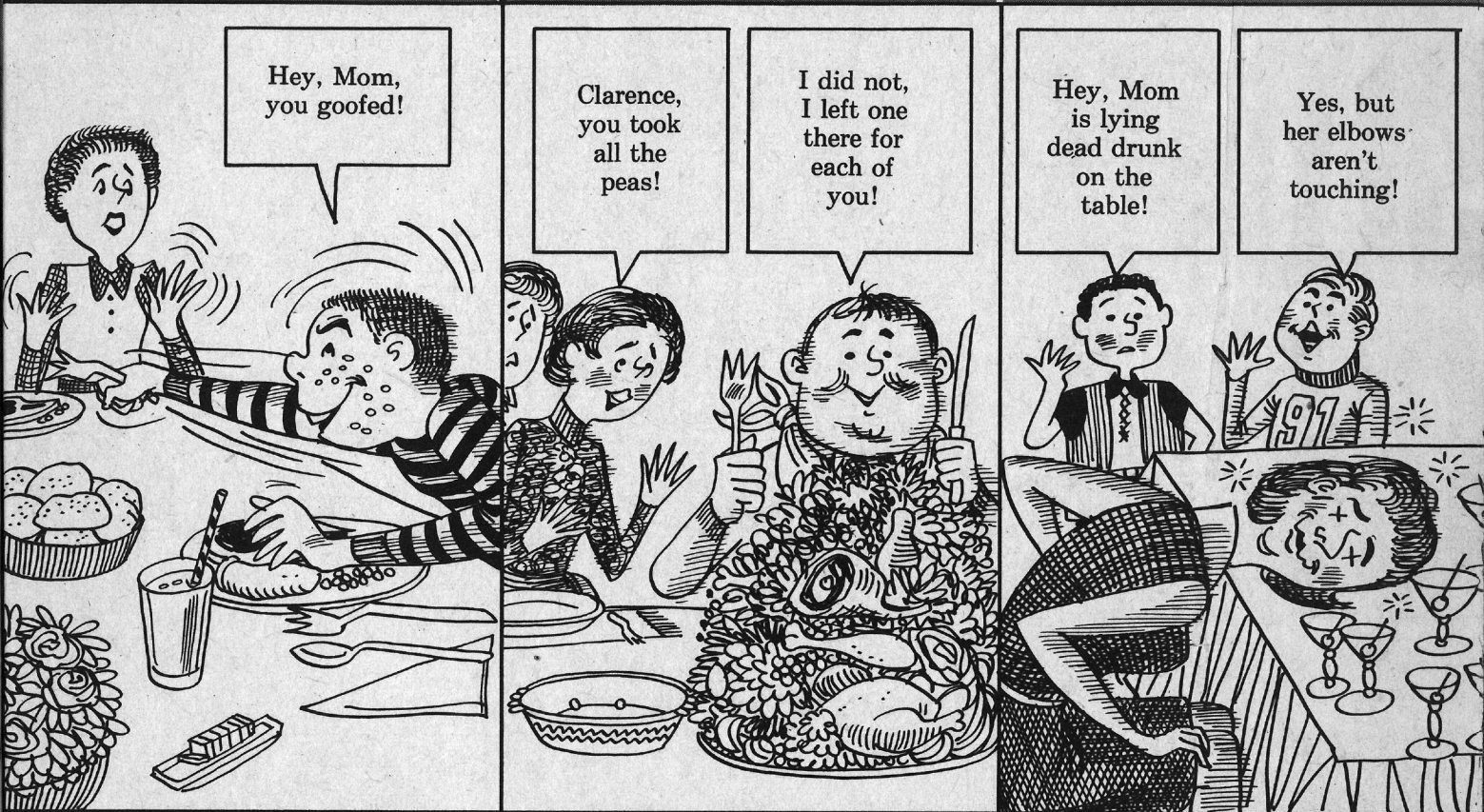
INFORMAL



OF ETIQUETTE for SLOBS

Script by JOE CATALANO

Art by TONY TALLARICO



Always use silverware starting with piece farthest from you

Never take everything in the serving dish, leave some for others

Elbows should never be placed on the table while you're eating

AT A RESTAURANT



When arriving at a restaurant always check your guests' hats and coats

ATTENTION French Guillotine Workers Union: you got your severance pay!



Never ask for the bathroom directly, but be subtle and polite in inquiring

GENERAL MANNERS



When being introduced to a girl always begin with a remark that will show friendly intentions



A written announcement of a new baby is acceptable but a personal announcement is better



The more elegant your speech is, the more you will impress others with the things you say

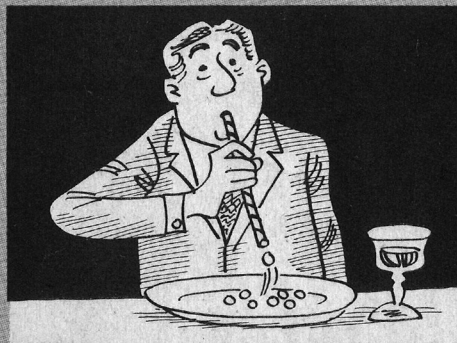
ATTENTION Boston Strangler: you got another girl in trouble!

OTHER BASIC DO'S AND DON'TS

A BASIC RULE OF ETIQUETTE



Never ever pick up peas with your knife to eat them



Instead use the straw from your wine glass to suck them up



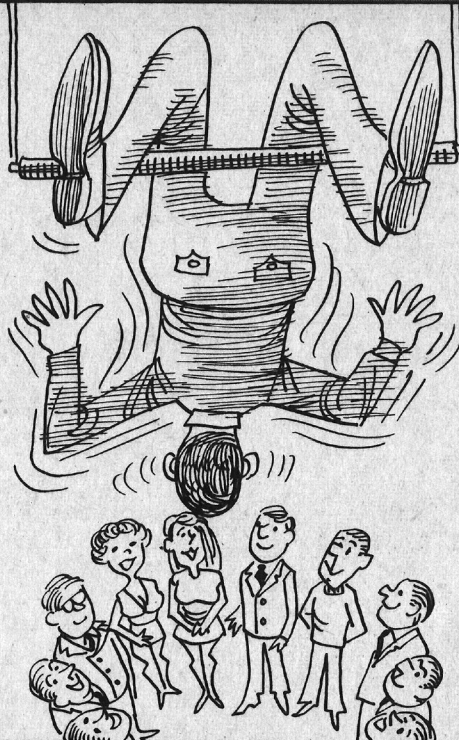
A gentleman, when walking with a lady, should never be on the side nearest the street



... the woman should, so if a car runs amok it'll hit her and leave him free to get help



You should always check to see if there is a no-smoking sign before lighting your cigarette



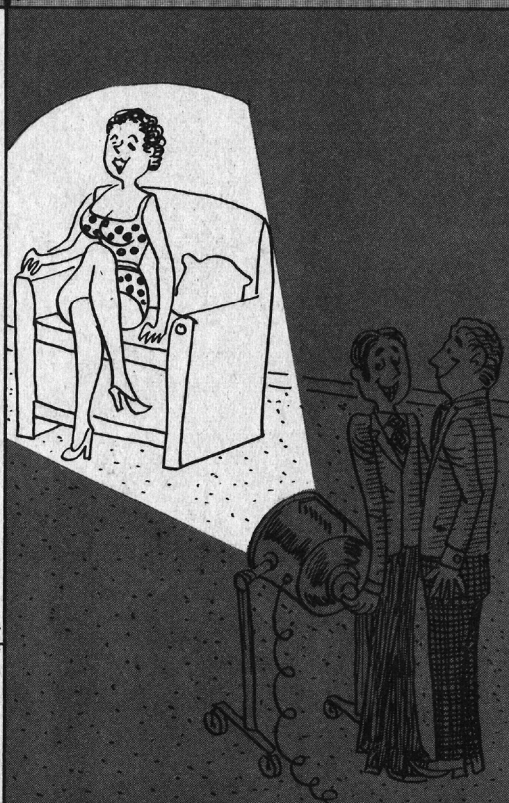
When speaking to people it is considered most improper to ever turn your back on them



It is always considered proper to display your coat of arms in a prominent place



Under no circumstances should you ever point your finger at the person you're talking about

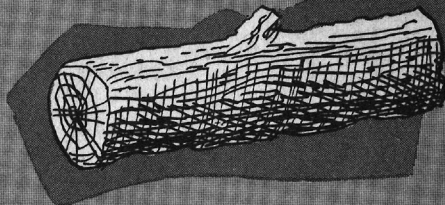


Instead, try to find another way to indicate her presence, another more direct method

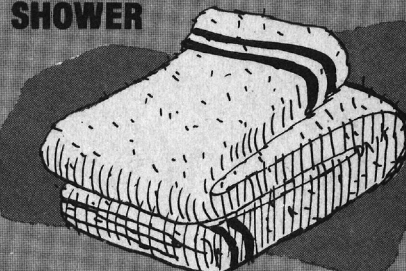
ATTENTION Wicked Stepmother: Snow White is sleeping with Seven Dwarfs!

PROPER GIFTS FOR PROPER OCCASIONS

HOUSEWARMING



SHOWER



NEW BABY



A PUBLIC DIS-SERVICE ARTICLE:

Other magazines tell you how to *make* money. We thought we'd be different. Mainly because we've been doing it for years, we now show you...

101 WAYS TO LOSE MONEY

IN YOUR SPARE TIME WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

by
BOB HEIT
(who lost money
on this article)

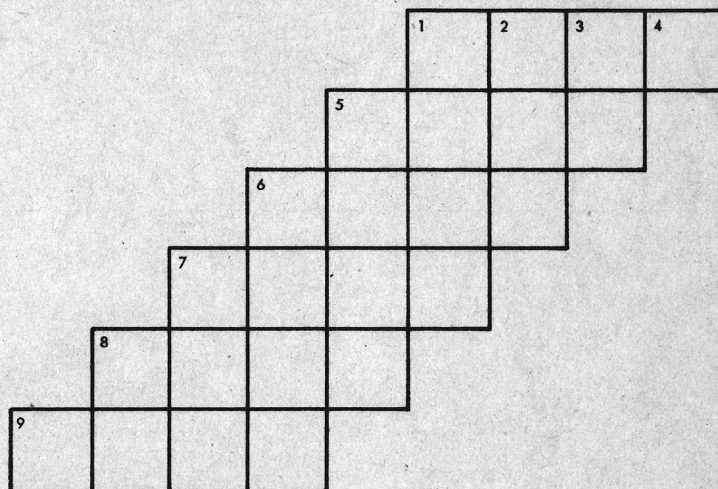
WINNER OF HUCKLEBERRY FINK LOOK-ALIKE CONTEST

1. Sell Agnew watches to war protesters.
2. Open a kosher delicatessen in Cairo.
3. Produce a G-rated motion picture.
4. Become a swimming instructor at Death Valley.
5. Publish a dictionary not in alphabetical order.
6. Sell pocket watches at a nudist camp.
7. Write a book on how to GAIN weight.
8. Open a bubblegum concession in an Old Age Home.
9. Become a drug pusher at the Vatican.
10. Buy 1000 shares of color radio.
11. Take orders for Volkswagons in Tel Aviv.
12. Work as a night watchman in a day camp.
13. Become a ski instructor in the Netherlands.
14. Invent a glue that doesn't stick.
15. Find a cure for which there is no disease.
16. Sell life insurance to New York City policemen.
17. Become a nose-job surgeon in Ireland.
18. Buy the diamond ring from that guy in the alley.
19. Put out a magazine like SICK.
- 20 to 101. Count slowly from 20 to 101 while standing on a street corner with your eyes closed and your wallet sticking out of your pocket!

SICK

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

by Bob Heit



Across:

1. What chocolate-covered meatballs make you.
5. Suffering from a combination of sea-sickness and lockjaw.
6. Name of this magazine. (No fair peeking at cover).
7. The middle of a misspelled popsicle.
8. What oyster-flavored ice cream sodas make you.
9. What this crossword puzzle is making you.

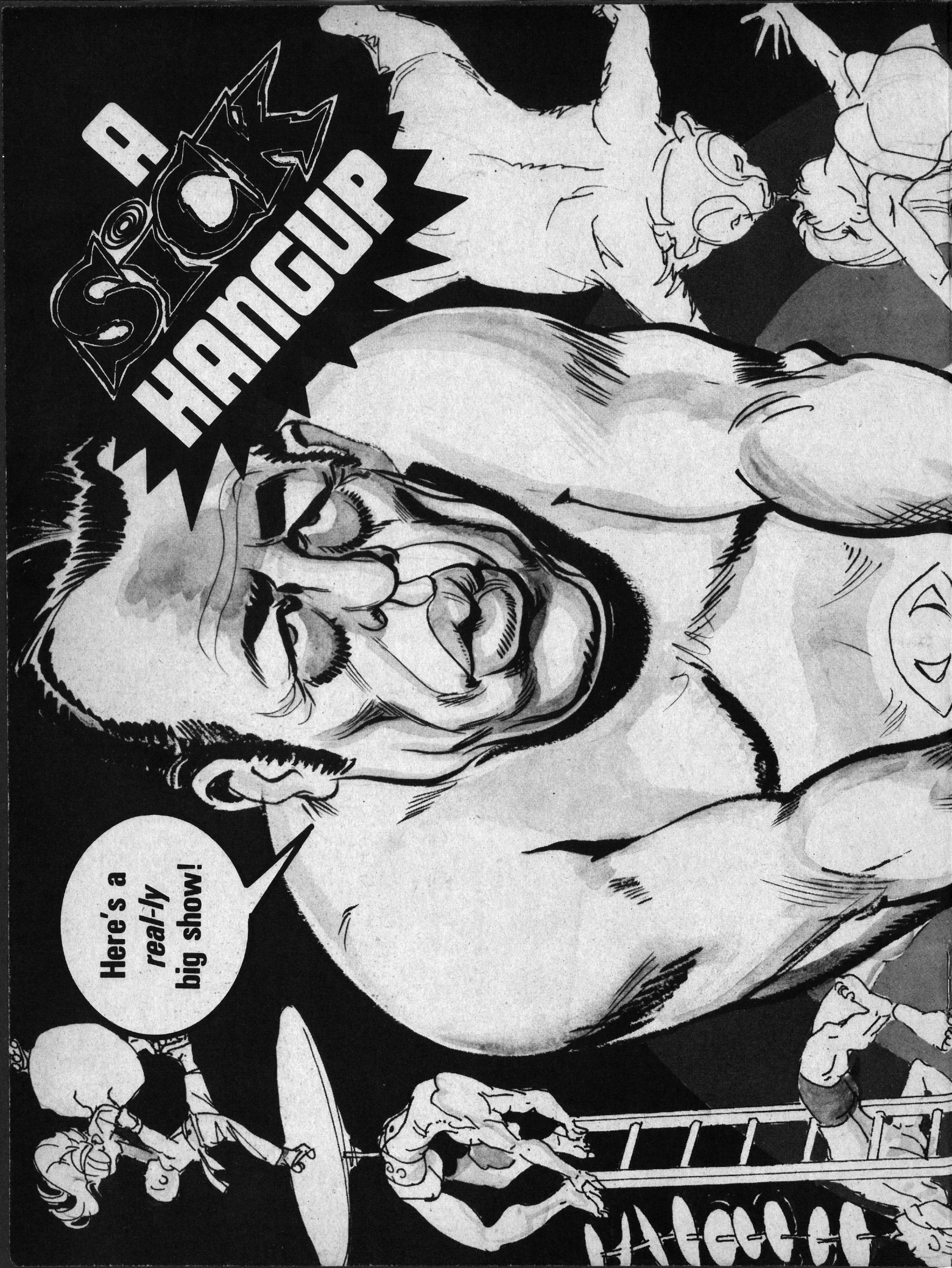
Down:

1. Opposite of kcis.
2. Cockney Englishman's hiccup.
3. Cantaloupe kidneys (Abbreviated).
4. Cucamonga. (Misspelled and abbreviated).
5. Suffering from a combination of St. Vitus Dance and arthritis.
6. The middle of a misspelled Pepsi-Cola.
7. So ill that you can't spell.
8. Sigh made when you're so ill you can't spell.
9. Sound made by a very small snake.

(solution on page 29)

A SLO HANGUP

Here's a
real-ly
big show!





**Ed Sullivan
36-36-36**

painting by JACK SPARLING

THIS MONTH'S QUOTE:

"Maybe if I grow my beard longer, nobody'll notice!"
—John The Baptist

Sick Sick

ENGLISH SPOKING HERE

IN-SICK-NIFICANT



EXCLUSIVE:
If Shakespeare
were alive today
he'd turn over in
his grave!
see page 30

actor calmed her down, gave her a sedative, and then asked meekly, "Did he say I should call him back?"

Nairobi: Mothers-Are-The-Same-All-Over-Dept. Two African mothers were watching a grotesquely-made up medicine man doing a weird ritualistic healing dance around a huge fire. In the middle of his gyrations and contortions, one mother turned to the other and said beaming with joy, "That's my son, the doctor!"

Vero Beach: Loony Links Dept. A local golf enthusiast was arrested recently for making 18 holes-in-one. The one happened to be his caddie!

New York City: Who says words can't hurt you? A big-game hunter went to Greenwich Village, called out: "Safari!"—and was trampled to death in the rush!

Miami Beach: A Martian spaceship landed here in the middle of the season and a weird-looking Martian got out. On the top of its strangely-pointed head it had on a yamalka (Jewish skull cap.) An elderly Jewish furrier on vacation approached the creature cautiously and asked, "Do all you Martians wear yamalkas? To which the Martian replied, "No, only the orthodox ones."

Manhattan: Two guys overheard at a Swinging Singles Bar. "What are you doing tonight?" Answer: "I know **what**—I don't know **who**!"

Chicago: A drunk staggered over to a parking meter, put a dime in the slot, watched it go around for a second, then shrieked: "Whattaya know? I weigh an hour!"

Harlem: Talk about crime in the streets: This is the only section in the whole world where a guy can

The Bronx: A local resident was accosted by a man who said, "I got a knife in my hand!" The resident said, "I'll give you anything, only don't hurt me. I'll get you all my cash, my wife, my children, I'll get you anything you want!" To which the man replied, "Get me a doctor, you idiot. Like I say, I got a knife in my hand!"

Reno: They have a new wedding gimmick in this city. When the bride shows up pregnant, the guests throw fried rice. Also, new words for the pregnant bride to say at the ceremony: "I did."

Wall Street: A leading manufacturer has announced that he recently made a killing in the market. He shot his broker.

Hollywood: How tough is show biz today? An out-of work actor came home one night and found his wife in a state of shock, after being raped and beaten by his agent. The

Ever try
singing the
great songs from
the Vietnam
War?



World

ATTENTION WORLD:

Don't put off
for tomorrow
what you can put
off for today!

NEWS OF THE MONTH

by FRED WOLFE

rob a bank and get mugged on the way to the getaway car. In one night alone there were 872 cries for help. From the cops!

Las Vegas: A real ugly girl was walking along the street here, holding a duck. A man walked over and said, "Where'd you get that pig?" The girl replied, "That's not a pig, that's a duck." To which the man answered, "I wasn't talking to you, I was talking to the duck!"

Cincinnati: Dentist to female patient: "We've got to stop meeting like this, you have no more teeth left!"

Palm Beach: Jack Benny recently received an award for something or other and acknowledged it by saying, "I really don't deserve this." But then he added, "I also have arthritis, and I really don't deserve that either!"

• **UPI Release:** Rumor has it that the new Off-Track Betting Commissioner of New York, Howard Samuels, really takes his job seriously.

He now refuses to wear nothing but jockey shorts. His wife however, has been after him to wear some other clothes too!

Geneva: International ecology groups believe they'll be able to cut down on air pollution substantially, if they can only figure out a way to lure Abbie Hoffman into a bathtub!

Miami: Wide Wide World of Sports. Unconfirmed reports have it that plans are underway to freeze the sweat in Jackie Gleason's belly-button and turn it into a skating-rink!

Haight-Ashbury: A tourist in this area saw a hippie carrying a sign stating: "Let It All Hang Out!" He did, and was arrested by the Vice Squad!

Ireland: Hot doings on the Old Sod. The Gaelic branch of Womens' Libbers have voted to change that famous expression to "Erin Go Burn-Your-Bra!"

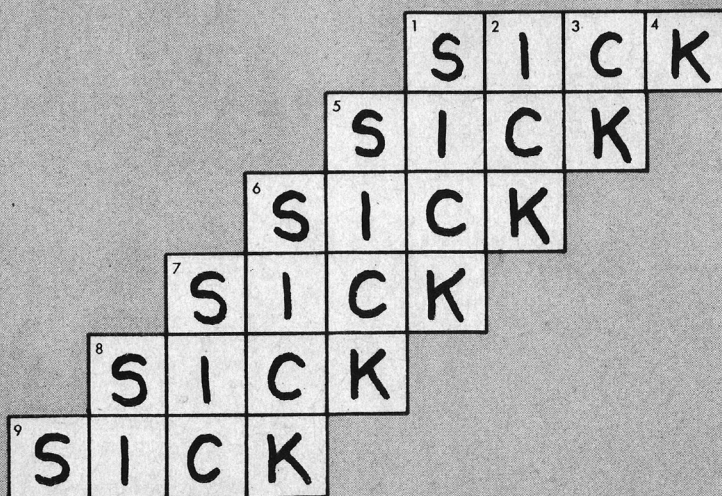
Philadelphia: A reporter for a local paper noted some pretty powerful signs on a neighbor's wall: "Stop

The Bloodshed!" ... "End The Fighting!" ... "Make Love, Not War!" What made these signs news was that they were hung outside a marriage counsellor's office!



ATTENTION Venus de Milo: keep your hands off!

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE (page 25)



In keeping with our policy of bringing the classics up-to-date (a policy we're starting here and now) we commissioned noted literary scholar, FRED WOLFE, to select an appropriate work. He wanted to do "Portnoy's Complaint"—but after haggling awhile, we decided instead to translate

HAMNET



for today's Poetry Lovers

by FRED WOLFE
Illustration by JOHN COSTANZA

In old Denmark lived Hamlet (a prince)
Whose sad tale Shakespeare's told ever since.
His unk knocked off his pa
And then married his ma.
Hamlet flipped his blond wig (Clairol rinse!)

Hamlet's dad (as a ghost) did appear,
Said: "Unk slipped me a mickey, you hear?
Till my toes up and curled,
Sent me out of this world.
Kind of thought that last coke tasted queer!"

Then, Ham's dad said: "Revenge you must get!
Force your no-goodnick uncle to sweat!
When he's picking up clover
Get him when he bends over
In the rear, with a spear!"
— — "Pop, you bet!"

But, two "friends" sent along (each a goon)
Were to bump off prince Hamlet real soon.
But they goofed (they got theirs!)
"Uncle king, say your prayers!
For us two it will soon be 'High Noon!'"

But the king sure was nobody's fool,
Conned our Hamlet into a "fixed" duel.
Ham's opponent was hip
(Poisoned his own sword-tip!)
And stabbed Ham. (where you'd sit on a stool!)

But before Hamlet cashed in his chips,
In his uncle he made a few rips.
Sent the swordsman to heaven.
Ham. made like 007!
(Even had Puss. Galore kiss his lips!)

Poor prince Hamlet had platinum hair,
Yet he ended his life in despair.
What's the moral, my son?
You say: "Blonds have more fun?"
Callow youth! Forsooth! Throw out that square!

A cool acting troupe came by one day.
Ham. had them accuse unk (in a play).
Unk turned green (he looked clammy),
"Queen, let's cut to Miami!
Come on down!" (Like Jim Dooley would say!)

Then prince Hamlet confronted his mother.
Said: "How come that you married another?"
She said: "Unk's ways were winnin',
Saved a fortune on linen,
Has the same monogram as his brother!"

Old Polonius (Ophelia's father)
Listened in and caused Hamlet some bother.
(Took it all down on tapes.)
Ham. stabbed him (in the drapes!)
The king's spy, he did die. Messy? Rah-ther!

So, when Hamlet made hash of her pop
Sad Ophelia blew her pretty top.
Threw herself in the drink
When Ham. stabbed the king's fink.
"I can't fight City Hall!" (Splash! Kerplol!)

Now the word went around Ham. was bugs.
They said he was a kook who ate rugs.
"Where is Ham.?" the king roared!
"In the courtyard, my lord.
Riding on a skate-board." (Then some shrugs.)

But the king knew that Hamlet was brainish.
"This kid's hip! Hamlet is no plain Danish!
I must send him away!
Make his draft-card 1-A!
Or my job here may go down the drainish!"

Since there are almost as many divorces these days as marriages, why don't newspapers give equal time to

IF NEWSPAPERS CARRIED A DI

EDUCATION, speaking to Legis-
crat-Liberal, Manhattan Democrats,
and Louis DeSalvio, Manhattan Democrats,

Hortense Poindexter Divorcing Bernard Finster In June



THE DISTRAUGHT PARENTS

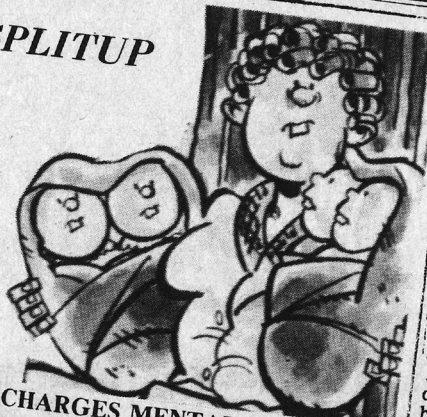
Mr. & Mrs. J. Holmsby Poindexter of Scarsdale, Palm Beach and Fort Knox, have announced the forthcoming divorce of their daughter, Hortense, from Bernard Finster, son of Mr. & Mrs. Morris Finster of the Bronx and Coney Island, on the grounds of incompatibility. It seems the parents couldn't get along with each other.

The divorce is expected to become final in June, when the couple graduate from college and can pay more attention to it. It will be held in a simple ceremony in Divorce Court with the bride's eighteen lawyers in attendance.

William Schmitzer, M

MYRA FURD ANNOUNCES SPLITUP

The mother of Myra Furd of Flushing, New York, confirmed today that she was divorcing her husband Seymour on the grounds of mental cruelty. The bride revealed that her husband only spoke to her four times during their entire marriage. She was granted the divorce and awarded custody of their four children.



CHARGES MENTAL CRUELTY

STURDLEY COUPLE IN CUSTODY FIGHT



AFTER THE
BATTLE

The custody battle of the year was decided yesterday by the Supreme Divorce Court of New York in an extremely tense and heated battle. Both lawyers argued long and hard, using every trick in the book to have custody awarded to their client.

When the Judge's decision was handed down, it was Bertha Sturdley who won out over her husband Arnold. She was awarded custody of their hi-fi set.

Income Tax Rise Less

Blodgetts Break Up After Seven Years

The parents of Sally Blodgett this week announced that their daughter was calling it quits in her seven-year marriage to Herschel Blodgett, son of an itinerant



MRS. BLODGETT

berry-picker. The reason for the break-up, according to Sally, is that her husband cheated during Examination Week at the college he was attending. This cheating was with the Dean's wife.



MR. BLODGETT

The divorce will be held quietly in a small catered hall, with a few close friends attending, sometime in November. After that, the couple plan a month's visit separately, to Singles Bars in mid-Manhattan.

5,000 POLICEMEN

Shot in Bronx Tied to Atlanta

these announcements? Like, for example, instead of running just wedding news, what would happen...

DIVORCE ANNOUNCEMENTS PAGE

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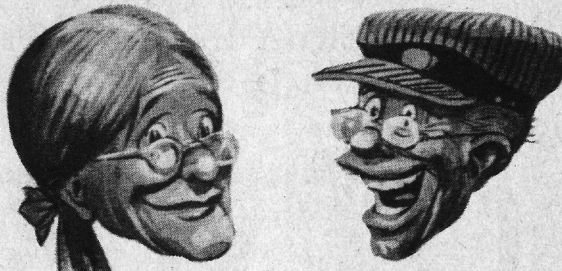
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GROVIS VS. GROVIS



IN A HAPPIER MOMENT

Mr. & Mrs. G. Hiram Grovis of Long Island arrived in Divorce Court yesterday, insisting that Judge Clodd put an end to their 68-year-old marriage. Needless to say, the Judge was completely baffled. He ask-

ed the elderly couple why, after so many years of marriage together, they wanted a divorce now. To which the old and bent Mrs. Grovis replied, "Well, your Honor, enough is enough already!"

A Hobby to Some

FINKS CANCEL DIVORCE



BRINGS PARENTS TOGETHER

The proposed divorce after 19 years of marriage between Zelda and Sidney Fink of Lower Manhattan, was shelved today in Inferior Court when it was learned that neither parent wanted custody of their teenage son, Huckleberry.

Selma and Myron Glick Sadly Parting Ways

Selma Glick of Brooklyn and Jones Beach, today divorced her husband Myron of the Bronx and Brighton Beach, after several months of profound deliberation. The cou-



BRIDE CONTEMPLATING SUICIDE

ple had originally planned to go to Europe together for two weeks during the summer. But, as the Glicks pointed out, a trip to Europe would have been over in fourteen days, but a divorce was something they would always have.

KLINEMINE - GURNEY SUE FOR DIVORCE

Mr. & Mrs. T. Oswald Klinemine of Jersey City have announced that their daughter, Rhoda, has thrown her husband Stanley, son of Mr. & Mrs. R. Felix Gurney of Hasbrouk Heights, out of their house and has sued for divorce.



THE BEREAVED BRIDE

The groom claims that his mother-in-law broke up the marriage. It seems his wife came home one night and found her in bed with him.

CHESTER GERSTL

created by
DAVID MALEH



FAMOUS SWINGERS SCHOOL

Our home-study course differs from others in that it's held in other people's homes. Real Swingers too! You'll receive instruction in new ways to get girls up to your apartment (and old ways to get them out); how to wangle wild party invitations; and mainly, where to get the best hang-over remedies. A special feature of this course is the graduation exercise, which is held in the beautiful King Farouk Room of Orgy Hall. Commencement speakers include Hugh Hefner and Joe Namath. Following graduation, a team of doctors gives you a physical examination plus a two-year supply of pep pills. After graduating from our school you'll need them!

Script by WARREN EMERY

Years ago, schools were places you went to. Today, the schools come to you—via Uncle Sam's postmen. It all started when a bunch of artists decided to peddle mail-order instruction in art. The gimmick paid off so well (for the promoters, that is!) that

OTHER CORRESP SCH



FAMOUS HOMEMAKERS SCHOOL

Learn to be a modern, up-to-the-minute madam of a house—after you become a plain housekeeper, that is. This handy homemaking course automatically makes you as good a cook, as charming a hostess, and as perfect a housewife as those fantastic women you see in TV commercials! Our experienced staff shows you how. The Man from Scad provides useful tips on what to do with all those plastic bags you foolishly bought after watching soap operas. Mr. Kleen teaches you how to dirty your kitchen floor so it'll look exactly like those "Before" pictures you see. And Josie the Plumber demonstrates how to clean a stain from your sink (after which she sends you a typical plumber's bill for \$87.00!).



FAMOUS BLOWHARDS SCHOOL

Why plug along, trying to get ahead on just ability alone? Get with the new trend of "making it"—on nothing but hot air—with a trial 7-year study course in the infamous Famous Blowhards School! Under our supervised instruction, you'll learn the technique of the Big Lie, the Artful Exaggeration, the Shameless Boast and the Phony Spiel. And once you've mastered these, you'll easily qualify for places like political office, executive status on Madison Avenue, being the head of your local Fisherman's Club, etc. What's more, your instructors are the biggest blowhards of all time.

Art by JACK SPARLING

other home-study courses soon came on the market. But we think there are still plenty of educational gaps that ought to be filled... subjects that haven't been taught yet by mail. And so, we've come up with a few ideas for...

FAMOUS ONDENCE OOLS...



FAMOUS LOSERS SCHOOL

Are you sick of always coming out on top, always winning no matter what you do? If so, you're sick, all right! So you'd better enroll in our Famous Losers School—the only school that can turn a disgruntled, unhappy winner into a joyful, contented loser! Under the personal supervision of Professors Hubert Humphrey, Muhammad Ali and Huckleberry Fink, you'll learn the art of losemanship from the greatest masters in the field: everybody from the man who bought a blotter factory two months before ball-point pens came out, to the former dress-shop owner who stocked up on knee-length dresses when miniskirts hit the scene. Act today or you'll lose out even in this!



FAMOUS TRAVELERS SCHOOL

Do you have a yen to visit exotic foreign places like Addis Abbaba?... Constantinople?... Hasbrouk Heights? If so, this correspondence course will make you an expert globe-trotter overnight... and even in the daytime. Learn how to enjoy such tourist pleasures as being overcharged in restaurants, having your luggage lost on trains, and getting loused up trying to speak Japanese... especially when you're in Yugoslavia. For more experienced travelers, there are lessons in Down-to-Earth Travel (Instructors: the Astronauts); Taking "Trips" Right In Your Room (Lecturer: Timothy Leary); and Traveling Without Money (Under the guidance of a professional plane hijacker).



FAMOUS ENTERTAINERS SCHOOL

Do you long for the limelight? Do you have an itch for show biz? If you do, don't despair. You probably have as much **hidden talent** as many of our big-name entertainers now making big loot. (In fact, their talent is sometimes so hidden that no one has ever been able to find it!) Our special course doesn't just bring out the real you, the talented you—it actually **creates** a new you! You'll emerge from our Famous Entertainers School with the tenderness of a Don Rickles, the sparkling wit of an Ed Sullivan, the vocal brilliance of a George Burns, the brawny masculinity of a Tiny Tim and the precise diction of a Rocky Graziano. (Come to think of it, forget it! You'd better take a course in welding instead!)

COMEDIENNE
OF THE
MONTH



PROFILE:

JOAN RIVERS

Bowing to Women's Lib, we now feature a female comedian of the month. In issues to come we will have an American Indian comedian, a Puerto Rican comedian, a Polish comedian and hopefully, if we can ever find one, a W.A.S.P. comedian.



ATTENTION Narcotics Squad: check Walter Kronkite's pipe!

JOAN RIVERS is that rarity in show business—a lady comic who still maintains her femininity while performing. She can stand up there and throw lines with the best of them, and not lose her girlish sex appeal. A petite, sinewy blonde, in the five years since she first appeared on the Tonight Show she has become a super comedy star. Joan has appeared on all the top TV variety and game shows, and has had her own half-hour program—That Show, With Joan

Rivers. This in addition to headlining the Copa and other major niteries throughout the country. Daughter of a doctor, the Long Island-born Joan is quite an intellectual herself, having studied philosophy at Barnard and reading some 80-odd books a week. A self-styled former old-maid, she recently married and has already incorporated her “Edgar” into her act.

—A SAMPLING OF JOAN RIVERS' HUMOR—

- I sort of half-believe in Women's Lib, so I went to a bra-burning and burned one cup.
- I just don't fit into today's culture anymore. I was invited to a pot party and I brought Tupperware.
- I'm a terrible housekeeper. I figure why bother making beds, dusting, washing dishes—six months later I'll only have to do it again.
- I don't clean house. If company comes I throw a dropcloth over everything and tell them I'm painting.
- The way I figure it, if God had meant for us to cook he'd have given us aluminum hands.
- To show you how anxious my mother was to get me married, she used to write my name on men's room walls.
- I once got an obscene phone call and asked the heavy breather on the other end to hold on until I got a cigarette.
- I wasn't very popular in school either. I went to the same school for 12 years and was always referred to as the “new girl.”
- I'm a terrible dresser too. I can wear a maxi coat and my slip will still show.
- In England I was introduced to Queen Elizabeth. You know, she looks younger than she does on her stamp.

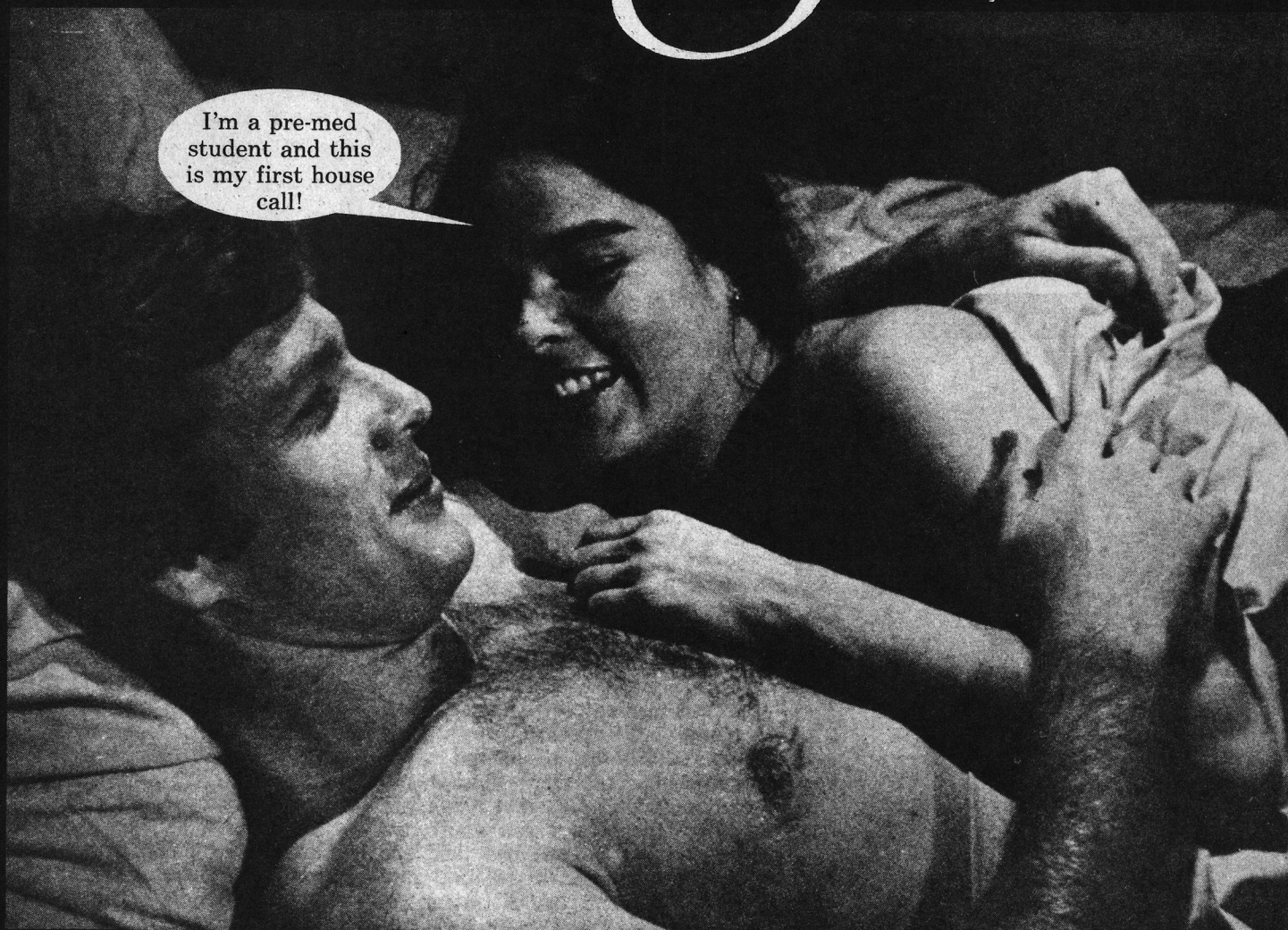
MOVIE REVIEW:

This month we review a movie that's made the biggest splash in Hollywood history. This is from all the **tears** that were shed by people watching it. It's also an **unusual** story for these days. It's about a boy and a girl who meet, fall in love and get married. This is why it was banned in Greenwich Village as **indecent**. Which is what the rest of the country is saying about this SICK review of...

LOVE STORY

by FRED WOLFE

*Love is never
having to say
you're pregnant.*



WARNING: This is an X-Rated Movie Review. No one under 16 is permitted to read it without an adult looking over their shoulder. This isn't because it's dirty. It's because the story is so sad you'll need a strong shoulder to cry on!

Wow! What a tear-jerker! You wouldn't believe how much our hard-hearted editor cried and cried. Not at the movie—after reading this script! Nevertheless, you should have seen how those tears overflowed in the aisles of the movie theatres. In fact, in one place the ushers had to remove all the seats and place the audience on a raft. Yes, this movie is really a winner—if you happen to be a tissue manufacturer!

The film begins with a real switch. Namely, we find the star (Ryan O'Neal) in a doctor's office, **hoping** that he's got his girl (Ali MacGraw) "in trouble." It's either that, or she's suffering from a rare fatal disease. He decides the former is better, but the doctor says it's the latter. And so Ryan becomes stiff all over, and plays the rest of the story that way. He decides not to let Ali in on the bad news that she isn't long for this world. Except occasionally dropping little hints, like advising her not to buy any more long-playing records.

The plot then unfolds in flashback fashion, with Ryan introduced as the socially elite Oliver Barrett the Fourth. No, there weren't three others before him, that was how he finished in the last Kentucky Derby. And Ali is seen as Jenny Cavilleri, an Italian girl from Brooklyn. Oliver suspects that Jenny is Italian when he sees her in a bowling alley scorning the standard equipment and sticking three of her fingers into a meatball. He is sure however, when he meets her father and he kisses Oliver on the cheek!

Actually, their first meaningful meeting takes place at a hockey match where Ryan is fighting for dear old Harvard. Sally Harvard, that is—a broad who digs goalies. Nevertheless, he is very impressed with Jenny, especially when she manages to catch one of his hockey-pucks—in her **mouth**! With teeth that strong, right away Ryan figures that Ali is the

girl for him. Because not only can she give him terrific "**hickies**,"—but if he ever runs short of cash he can always get her work as a **beaver**. But what really sells him on Ali is when he gets her alone at a protest meeting—and she **doesn't**!

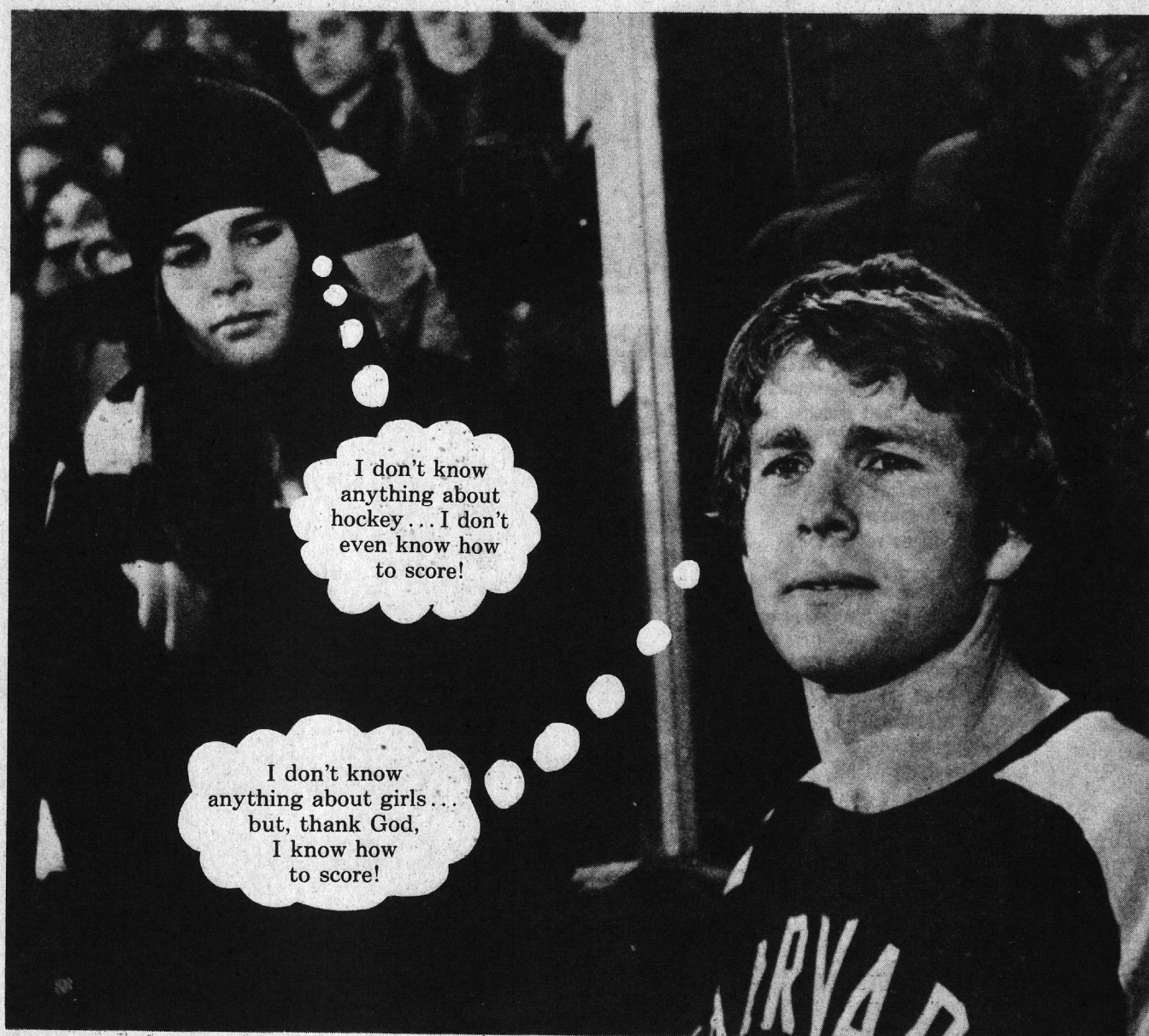
Of course, Ryan had spoken with Ali much earlier, in the Radcliffe Library, where his blood started to boil after she had whispered those magic words in his ear: "**Be quiet, you idiot!**" This was perfectly in character, since she was the Librarian. And so Ryan tries to take her out. But she refuses as he hasn't got a library card. So he takes out "**Madame Bovary**" instead. Not the book—the Madame! Getting jealous, Ali agrees to go out with him. But only for 14 days, after which he has to bring her back to the Library!

Soon after the usual romantic hanky-panky, Jenny and Oliver realize they're meant for each other and decide to get married right away. They figure it's got to work. It can't miss. It's bigger than both of them. It's their destiny to get married. And if not, so what? They can always get a **divorce**! And so Jenny invites Oliver to visit her poor widowed father, a cab-driver who, when he first sees his prospective son-in-law, flashes an "**Off-Duty**" sign on his front door. But, after awhile they begin to hit it off. And, right after dinner, Jenny's father hands Oliver a hard-hat. Not that he's in the construction business. It's just that he's too poor to afford a toilet.

As for Oliver's socialite father, whose blood is so blue that doctors tap his veins to refill their fountain pens, it's a different story. He just doesn't dig Jenny's low-class background—or even her 38-26-38 foreground for that matter! He warns Oliver that if he should go through with this marriage to Jenny, he will cut him off. Not out of his will—with a

* * * * *





machete! Nevertheless, being young—and mainly stupid—Oliver gives up the millions and marries Jenny for love. Which the next day he's sorry he did, after trying to cash that commodity at the local bank.

After marrying themselves in a hippie-type ceremony, not because it was a romantic thing to do, but it was a clever way to save the two buck fee, Jenny and Oliver settle down in wedded bliss in a rundown, seedy tenement. This place wasn't condemned only because the building inspector was too cowardly to fight off the rats that guarded the entrance. When Jenny and Oliver enter their walk-up dungeon, (located on the top floor yet!) Jenny asks that Oliver carry her over the threshold. His heart beating wildly, Oliver lifts her up and immediately something inside him snaps. No, it isn't mad passion—it's a *hernia*. That Jenny is no lightweight!

Being disinherited, Oliver racks his brains to think up ways to support his wife. Finally he comes up with an inspired idea—*she'll* support *him*! And so no matter what his father is, nobody can say that Oliver is a snob! Soon, Jenny not only teaches at a private school, but moonlights to pick up a few extra shekels, playing the church organ on Sundays. Thereupon, things get so bad she tries to melt down the pipes and sell them as scrap metal. Meanwhile, Oliver has taken a night job at the post office. Here he is so starved, he starts licking the glue off the back of the stamps. It doesn't satisfy his appetite, but he gets so *high* he doesn't care!

However, by diligence, tenacity and mainly the sweat of his wife's brow, Oliver makes it in law school, where he wins honors by being third in his class. This is no big deal when you realize the class has only two pupils. He also gets mentioned in the

(continued on next page)

Law Review—but as a *suspect*! For recreation they occasionally go ice-skating. Not because it's such a healthy sport, but it's a great way to pick up free ice-cubes!

Finally, Graduation Day arrives, and there in full public view stands Oliver in a jaunty cap and gown. Which immediately starts people talking—as the cap was designed by Lily Dache, and the gown is slit up one side. So it shouldn't be a total loss, Oliver receives a \$500 prize for the best senior essay, presented to him by the faculty and entitled: "My Reasons For Not Revealing The Name Of The Two Teachers I Saw Going Into The Local Motel!"

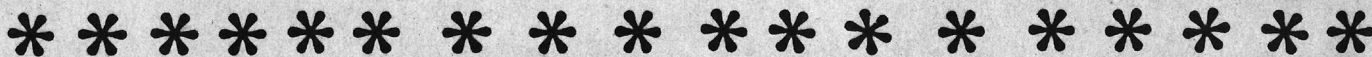
After graduation, Oliver obtains a job with the highly respected New York law firm of "Finagle & Shyster," and he and Jenny move into a nice apartment in a classy apartment building. They know it's classy when they find only one wino sleeping in the hallway. In this building the muggers accost you with an *electric* razor. There seems to be no end to the luxury of the place. In fact, it's such an expensive building to live in, that the City sends its Welfare cases there.

As the story continues, Jenny wants to enter the Juilliard School of Music, since she's always had great dreams of being a concert pianist and going to Paris. Instead, Oliver gets her a part-time job as a piano-mover. And, as for Paris, he runs down to Forty-Second Street and picks her up a couple of French post-cards. However, contrary to her former

desire—and to the shock of Betty Friedan—Jenny decides to settle for just being a wife and mother. But as fate would have it, the whole scene is soon dampened. What happens is they spring a leak in their bathroom. And on top of that, Jenny gets the word that she is suffering from a fatal disease... a disease so fatal that the Army is thinking of using it against the Vietcong. The only known cure for this disease is *death*.

And so, to raise money for doctor bills, Oliver swallows his pride and two Alka-Seltzers, and goes to his father for a \$5,000 loan. His hard-hearted dad refuses to give it to him, until Oliver tells him he will use the money to buy up a block of ghetto apartment houses and evict all the widows and orphans. This his father likes.

In the hospital, Jenny asks Oliver for a last request. Namely, that he get on top of her on the bed and hug her closely and passionately. This causes a lot of talk as her room is only *semi-private*. Finally, after an Academy Award-type death scene she dies, and Oliver heads over to the Wollman Rink in Central Park (good skate that he is.) Poor Oliver is left with an aching void, while the audience is left with a lap full of soggy handkerchiefs. They're also left with the most memorable line in "Love Story." Mainly —"*Love means never having to say you're sorry!*" However, with the movie it's an entirely different story. All we can say about this love film is: "We're sorry! We're sorry! We're sorry!"



We've got to stop meeting like this... the nurses suspect!

LOVE MENU

—FOR THAT INTIMATE DINNER—

JUICE

V-Neck Juice

Ripe Tomato Surprise

Hickey Supreme Cocktail

SALAD

Peeping Tomatoes

Open Hearts of Lettuce

Petted Olives

APPETIZER

Franks-In-A-Blanket

La Dolce Vita Pizza

Shrimps-In-Love-Potion Sauce

SOUP

Consomme With Spanish Fly

Mush Words Alphabet Soup

ENTREE

Prime Beef: Breasts, Legs or Thighs

Shish-Kebab On A Rice Bed

Young Spring Chicken

VEGETABLES

Baby Blue-Eyed Peas (with or without dressing)

Sexy Giant Beans

Blushing Carrot

BEVERAGE

An Udder of Milk

Up-All-Night Coffee
Real Hot Chocolate

Tea For Two

DESSERT

Candy Kisses

Creamy Cheesecake
Overnight Cookies

Cupid Bow-Ties

—CUPIDARY LAWS STRICTLY OBSERVED—

(Management not responsible for property on your person)



Here we go again with another of our salutes to men and women in ordinary, everyday occupations, who somehow never get the recognition they deserve. We tell their story by imagining a school in which they learn their particular business or craft. Like for example, just try to imagine a...

school for **BUTCHERS!**

O.K. now, let's begin our lesson. Are all aprons bloody and covered with sawdust? Do you all have chicken feathers sticking out of your hair? Does each one of you have a practice veal cutlet on his desk? Fine Then let's get on with it...

First of all, in this business it'll help if you're fat and your name is Marty. If not, don't worry about it. There are other ways to get that butcher "image." One is by having, at all times, a *sloppy appearance*. The sloppier the better. I mean, what self-respecting housewife would *dare* shop at a store that has a neat-looking butcher? How could they *trust* him? After this class I want you to all go home and practice looking like a slob. For most of you, I'm happy to say, this should come natural!

Now, aside from appearance, the most important part of your job—and the only way to really make money in this business—is "weighing" the meat. This will pay off plenty if you acquire the knack. Now, in my hand I'm holding a lamb chop. The actual weight is 2-1/2 pounds. Scmidlap, I want you to come up here and weigh this chop on the scale. (PAUSE) That's right, Scmidlap. How much does it weigh? 2-1/2 pounds exactly? You *nitwit!* You *dum-dum!* What's the matter with you? Stupid, you got *hands*, haven't you? What do you think they're for? (PAUSE) What's that, Scmidlap? For chopping meat? No, you *loser!* They're for *weighing* meat! A good hand should weigh about 4 pounds!

You gotta remember, that if you want to become

A SICK MONOLOGUE

Script by ARON MAYER

Art by JACK SPARLING

rich as a butcher, you must learn to weigh your hands on the scale along with the meat. All right, now you, Pollack... will you come up here and weigh the same chop. (PAUSE) That's right, Pollack, on the scale. What's that? It weighs 7 pounds? *Beautiful! Marvelous!* You got a *real butcher's hand!* Let's all hear it for Pollack's thumb everybody! He got 7 pounds out of a 2-1/2 pound piece of meat! That boy will have his own shop someday! And to think he's only here on a Boiled Beef Scholarship!

In conclusion, I want to mention one more important skill you have to learn—that of *slicing* the meat. The trick here is to see how much *fat* you can pass on to the customer. Now, this is a trick that isn't hard to master if you know the business. One good way is to have a funny line ready should the customer get wise. For example, they might say "on the next cut, make it lean." If they do, you answer "to the left or right?" While they're laughing hysterically, you throw in the fat. Remember—just like in the masseur business—we butchers live off the *fat of the land!* *Class dismissed!*

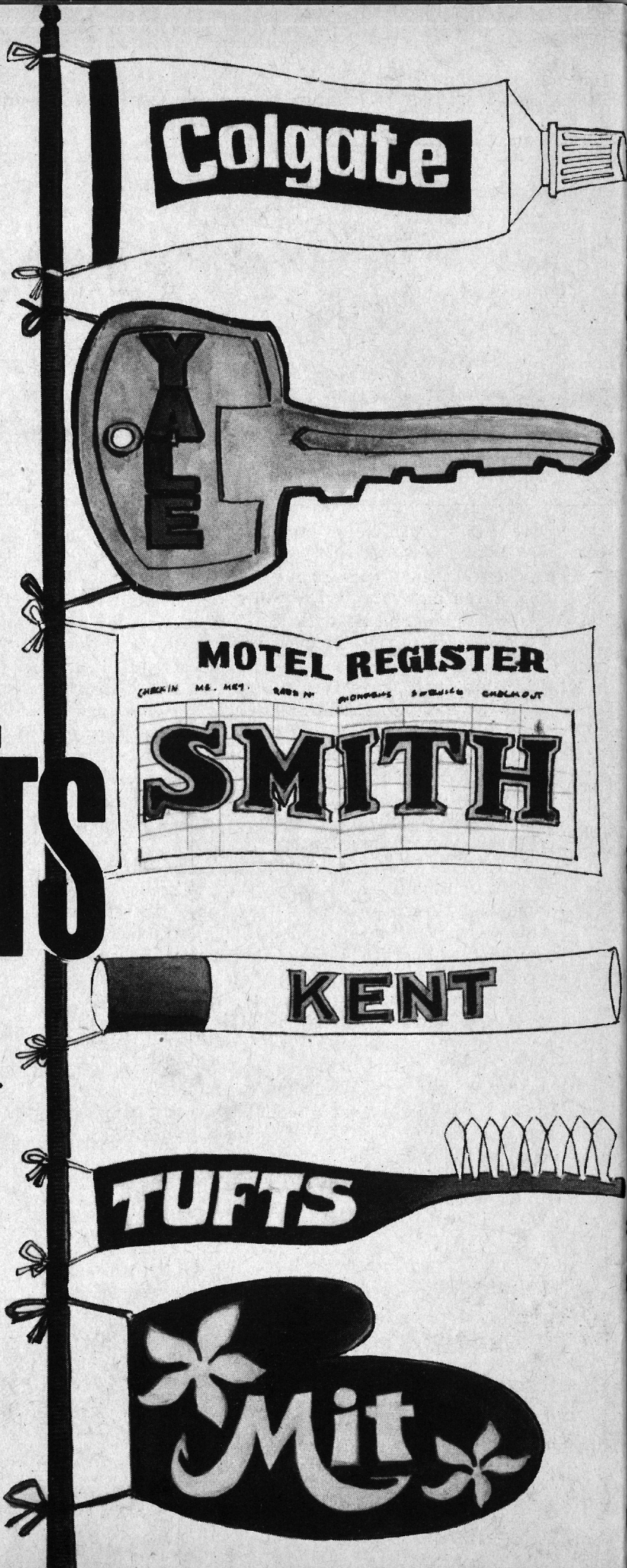
The trouble with college pennants is that they all look the same. Just a bunch of plain letters on identical-shaped banners. There's no individuality. This is a terrible thing in today's age of specialization. We feel that each college should try to come up with a pennant that fits its own particular name. To show you what we mean, here are a few custom-made examples of...

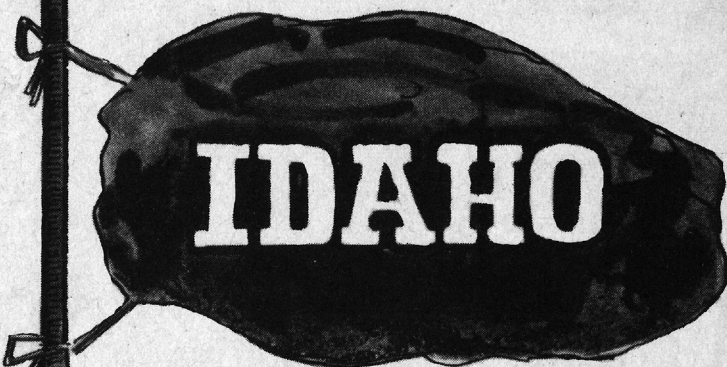
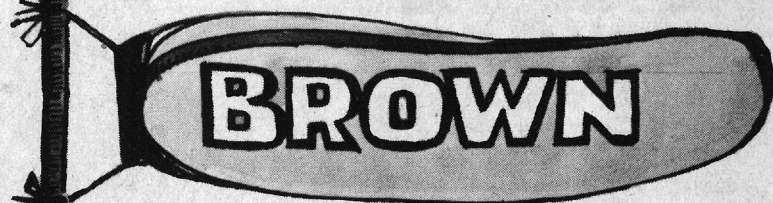
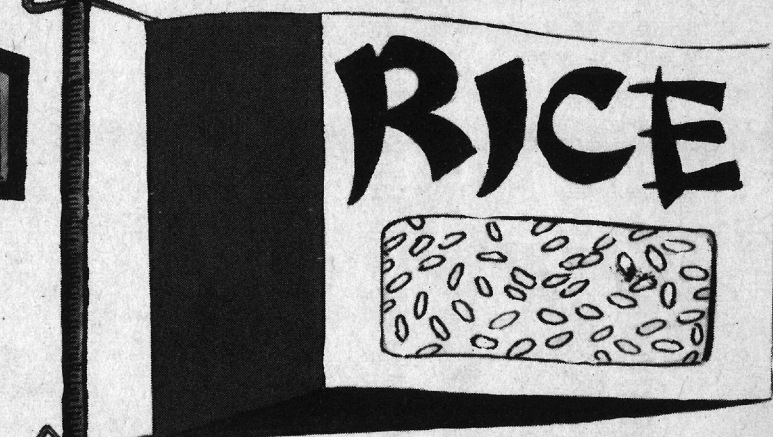
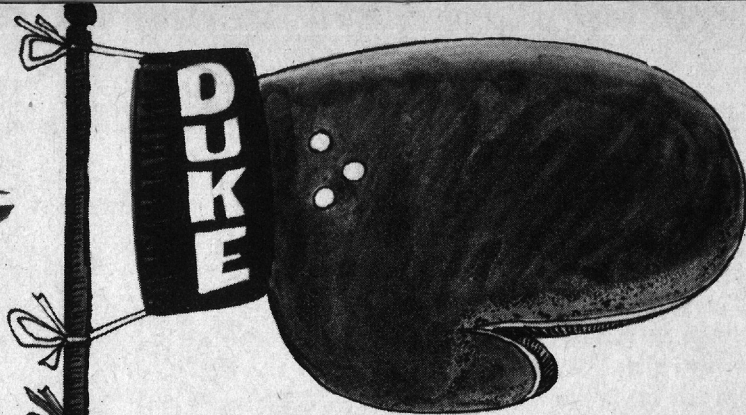
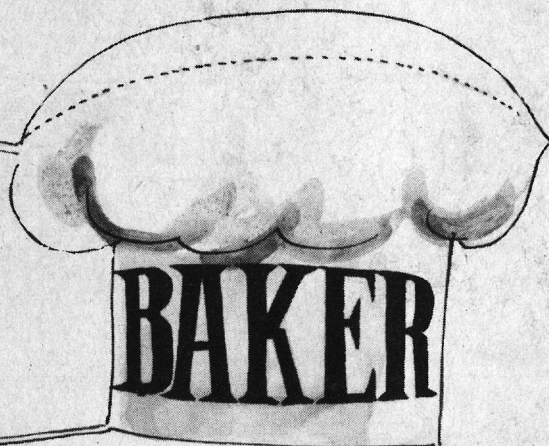
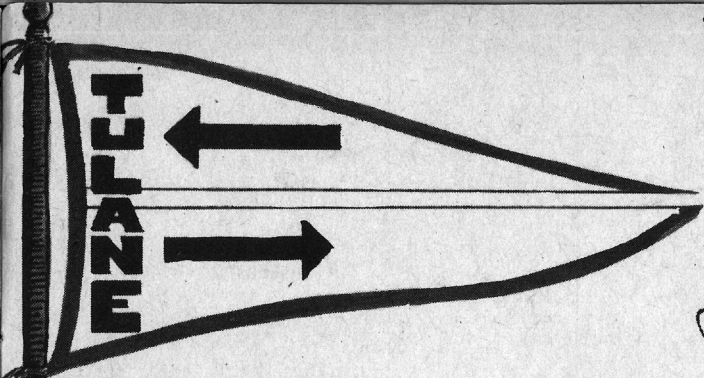
INDIVIDUALIZED COLLEGE PENNANTS


Conceived by
ARON MAYER

Executed by
ARNOLDO
FRANCHIONI


Reprinted by
SICK MAGAZINE








Put two of
these in Agnew's
cocoa at
bedtime!




Imagine!
They turned
us down on
the Newlywed
Game!

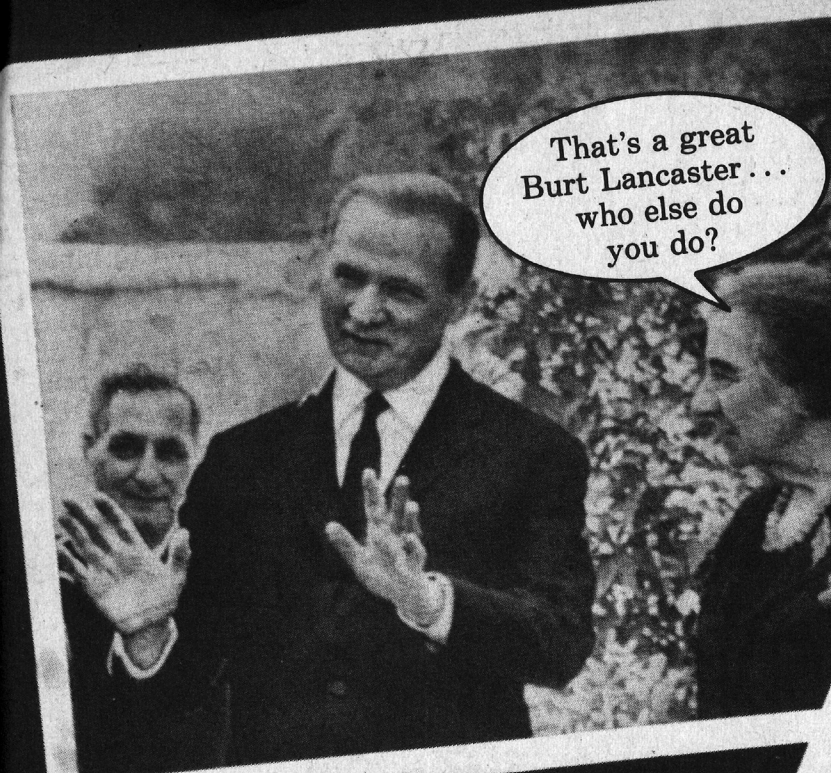


Don't worry
about the Middle
East, I'm keeping
an eye out!


News



Picked up
on a morals
charge, eh?




That's a great
Burt Lancaster...
who else do
you do?




Oh, you're
a Queen too?
What country?

Briefs



A quarter
on the side
to make it
interesting!



Not here,
later at my
apartment!

They say that life is full of ironies. But we say that ironies are full of life. Especially if they're lively like these examples of...

LIFE'S LITTLE

Having that attractive girl neighbor visit you in your bachelor apartment ... the same day your sister and her kids come to stay for the week!



Receiving that long-awaited \$5000 royalty check on your new book ... the exact moment that your wife asks you to buy her a new \$5000 mink coat!

ATTENTION Rin-Tin-Tin: you got Lassie in trouble!

Finally getting your boyfriend to buy you that expensive necklace of cultured pearls... soon after the police discover a rash of imitation zircons!



Having the old man finally promise to get you that new car for your birthday... moments before the old man gets a look at your school report card!

Hearing the motel clerk address your wife as "Mrs. Smith" on your first visit there... and then remembering your name isn't Mr. Smith but Mr. Jones!



Marrying that ugly spinster after learning she's heiress to a million dollars... just before the story breaks about her father being jailed for embezzling!

E IRONIES

or How Unlucky Can You Get?

created by
ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI



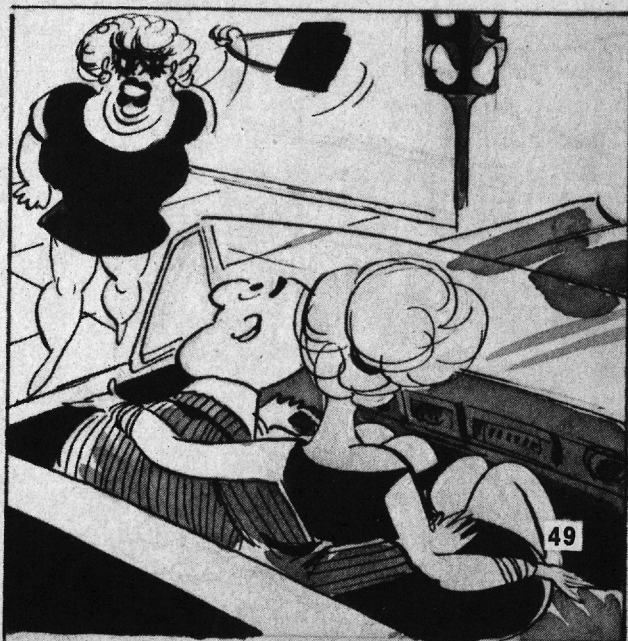
Getting that date with the gorgeous sexy blonde you've been ogling all year... the day before payday when you're down to your last two dollars!



Winning an ocean voyage with a flock of young Hollywood starlets... then finding yourself stranded later on a desert isle with the Captain's homely wife!



Renting a new luxury convertible to go out riding with a beautiful blonde... then stopping at a red light and seeing your wife crossing the street!



SICK as it seems by *LANGTON*



PIERRE LA NUTTE

Paris, France

**DOVE OFF THE
EIFFEL TOWER
IN A HOME-MADE
PARACHUTE
WEARING ONLY HIS
SHORTS
AND A
BERET!!!**

(He was smashed to bits!)



**THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA
IS NOT REALLY A WALL!
NOR IS IT GREAT...OR
EVEN IN CHINA!!**

ACTUALLY, IT IS A HANDBALL COURT IN SOUTHERN
MADAGASCAR... BUT A PRESS AGENT IN HONG
KONG HAS BEEN KEEPING THE MYTH ALIVE!



**Mrs. A. SMEDLEY Topeka, Kansas
GREW A TOMATO SHAPED
LIKE A GIANT CARROT!**

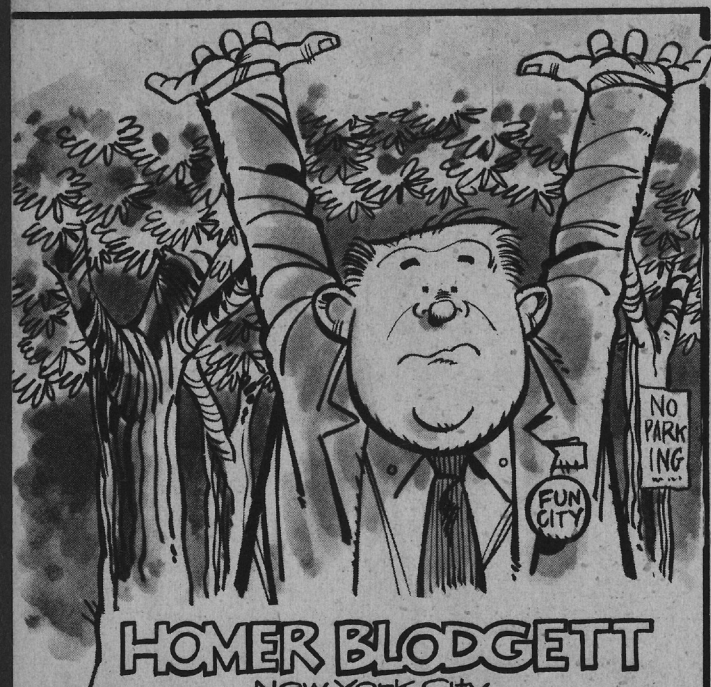
(MRS. SMEDLEY IS THE ONE ON THE LEFT... SHE HAPPENS
TO BE SHAPED LIKE A TOMATO!!!)



**HOLD UP A MIRROR TO THE
MOON ON A STARRY NIGHT!**

...AND PEOPLE WILL THINK YOU'RE NUTS!

ATTENTION Negroes of America: if you got so much natural rhythm, how come all those kids?



HOMER BLODGETT

New York City

**HELD HIS ARMS STRAIGHT UP
OVER HIS HEAD FOR 24 HOURS IN
THE MIDDLE OF CENTRAL PARK!**

(MR. BLODGETT WAS A HOLDUP
VICTIM 869 CONSECUTIVE TIMES!)

**BE A REAL
PEN PAL**

**WRITE TO
A PAL IN
THE PEN!**

JOIN THE

CONVICTS' CORRESPONDENCE CLUB

Yes, here's your chance to receive electrifying letters from Death Row... fantastic forgeries from professional "pen" men... bona-fide ransom notes from accredited kidnapers. Let a burglar steal your heart away... let an arsonist fire your imagination... let a mad-bomber really blow your mind!

And you girls—here's your opportunity to get in touch with a real live sex offender—learn about love from an experienced social degenerate! And also learn, in your return correspondence, how to smuggle in cakes with files inside... how to make bogus pistols out of a pound of halvah... mainly, how to wind up in jail yourself—for associating with such criminal types!



**OUR
LIFETIME
DIRECTOR**

So if you have time to kill, write to someone who's doing time for killing. Brighten his 40-year stretch with a 40-page letter of cheer. Ease his sentence with a sentence of your own. Say anything you want. We smuggle your letters in uncensored. Take our course and prove that crime **does** pay. For us, that is—as we make a fortune on this gimmick!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
(save a stamp—drop it in the box when nobody's looking)

CONVICTS' CORRESPONDENCE CLUB
Cell Block 86, Alcatraz

Enclosed is \$5.00 (in unmarked bills) for membership in your Club. I wish to hear from a:

() kidnapper () axe-murderer () jaywalker
() politician () SICK Writer
() (fill in)

Name Alias
Address Hideout
Next of Kin Bank Balance



52. PAGE

SICK

Proudly Presents A Preposterous

CIRCUS

OF LAUGHS



**HILARIOUS
HUMOR**



**SCRUMTUOUS
SATIRE**

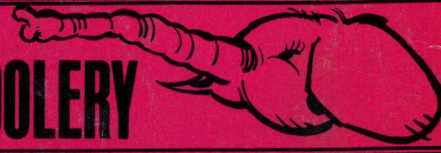


**BARBARIOUS
BURLESQUE**



UNDER THIS BIG COVER

MOCKERY * SPOOFERY * TOMFOOLERY



With Way-Out Words
of Wild and Witty

WHIMSEY

Working Wonders to
Warp the Wacky World

DEVILISH DRAWINGS



SARDONIC SCRIPTS



FANTASTIC FORMATS

Containing Cheery and Choice

COMEDY

Chosen to Cajole and Cleanse

**PRECOCIOUS
PARODY**
.....



**GARGANTUAN
GAGS**
.....



All the News
that's Wit to print!



**loony
lafts!**



leery lowdowns!



**lazy
layouts!**

CRAZY CORNBALL CARICATURES
FOR THE CONNOISSEUR CLOWN



GROOVY GAG-FILLED GIMMICKS
FOR THE GUFFAWING GOURMET

52 count 'em



**PAGES OF
PRICELESS PROSE**



count 'em

52

READ ONE!



ALL THIS FOR THE
SENSATIONAL, FANTASTIC,
COLOSSAL, SPECTACULAR,
RIDICULOUS PRICE OF

40¢



READ ALL!



For The Whole Shebang
(including this poster by JOHN LANGTON)